

Revised Edition.

FRESH LEAVES:

FOR THE USE OF

SABBATH SCHOOLS.

BY T. C. O'KANE,

Author of "Guide us, Savior," "Just Beyond," "I'm a Little Pilgrim," etc.

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Fresh Leaves:

FOR THE USE OF SABBATH SCHOOLS.

By *T. C. O'KANE,*

AUTHOR OF "GUIDE US, SAVIOR," "JUST BEYOND," "I'M A LITTLE PILGRIM," ETC.

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P R E F A C E .

I N the preparation of these "Fresh Leaves," the author has endeavored to have

1. Every hymn purely Scriptural—illustrating or enforcing some Bible truth.
2. Every piece of music *singable*—such as can and will be sung in every Sunday-school. No piece has been inserted merely to "fill up," but constant reference has been had to intrinsic merit and adaptation, which, in nearly every case, has been determined upon actual trial by those for whom it is prepared.
3. A large number of hymns and tunes *especially for the Infant Class*, besides a large number of others, as well adapted to this as to the other departments of the school.

While a large proportion of the music is what is indicated by the title of the book, yet almost all the old hymns, the music of which is familiar to every Sabbath-school scholar, are given, with the music to the first line, which at once recalls the pitch, movement, etc., of the tune.

We are thus enabled, of musical "treasures new and old," to present, within a small compass, a number and variety of hymns and tunes sufficiently large for every department, and all the ordinary exercises of the Sunday-school.

The divine blessing having been constantly sought during the progress of the work, it is now sent forth with the earnest prayer that, under God, it may prove a rich blessing to all who may use it, singing "with the spirit and the understanding."

THE AUTHOR.

Many thanks are due H. D. Munson, Philip Phillips, T. E. Perkins, S. J. Vail, Rev. A. A. Graley, C. G. Allen, and Wm. H. Clarke for the excellent music attached to their respective names; also to the different owners of copyrights for permission to use the words and music duly credited.

FRESH LEAVES.

Come, little Soldiers.

H. D. MUNSON.

1. Come, little soldiers, join in our band; March for the kingdom, our promised land; Fearless of danger,

The first system of music consists of a treble and bass staff in 2/4 time, with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a simple accompaniment.

Chorus to each verse.
onward we roam, Je - sus, our leader is, Soon we'll be home. We're a little pilgrim band, Guided by a

The second system of music continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. It includes the text 'Chorus to each verse.' and the lyrics 'onward we roam, Je - sus, our leader is, Soon we'll be home. We're a little pilgrim band, Guided by a'.

Savior's hand, Soon we'll reach our fatherland, No more to roam.

The third system of music continues the melody and accompaniment. It includes the lyrics 'Savior's hand, Soon we'll reach our fatherland, No more to roam.'

2 Hark to the voices, bidding us come!
Angels, rejoicing, beckon us home;
No more shall sadness or sorrow oppress,
Come, little pilgrim band, there we shall rest.

3 Soon shall we never know sorrow more,
But blessed forever, God's love shall share;
Soon we shall see him in his blest home,
Ever still praising him, ages to come.

Guide us, Savior.

T. C. O'KANE.

"He will guide you into all truth."

1. { God has said, "For-ev-er bless-ed Those who seek me in their youth,
They shall find the path of wisdom, And the narrow way of truth." }

{ Guide us, Sa-rior, Guide us, Sa-rior, In the narrow way of truth,
Guide us, Sa-rior, Guide us, Sa-rior, In the nar-row way of truth. }

2 Be our strength, for we are weakness;
Be our wisdom and our guide;
May we walk in love and meekness,
Nearer to our Savior's side.
: Naught can harm us, :
While with thee we thus abide.

3 And when death at last o'ertakes us,
And we sink beneath his might,
May that blessed morn awake us,
Safe in yonder realms of light;
: There forever, :
Chant thy praise with angels bright.

SECOND HYMN TO "GUIDE US, SAVIOR."

1 Gently, Lord, oh, gently lead us
Through this lonely vale of tears!
And, O Lord, in mercy give us
Thy rich grace in all our fears.
Oh, refresh us!
Traveling through this wilderness.

2 When temptation's darts assail us,
When in devious paths we stray,
Let thy goodness never fail us,
Lead us in thy perfect way.
Oh, refresh us!
Traveling through this wilderness.

Cheerful.

By T. E. PERKINS.

1. Come a-way, come a-way, Hark, the bells are ringing, 'Tis the ho-ly Sabbath day, Purest pleasure

bring-ing; Golden beams gently fall, Ev-ery thing re-joic-es, Lit-tle children, one and all,

Chorus.

Tune their happy voices. { Come away, come away, Hark, the bells are ringing,
Sing a-loud, sing a-loud Praise to God, our King.

2 Merry hearts, while they beat,
Light our sunny features;
In the Sabbath-school we meet,
Friends and faithful teachers;
Kneeling there, kneeling there,
Jesus deigns to hear us,
While we breathe our grateful prayer
In our school so dear.

3 Happy place, happy place,
Oh, the wondrous story,
Jesus died that we might live
In the realms of glory;
Kindred hearts wait us there,
They have gone before us;
In that lovely mansion fair
We shall part no more.

God is Good.

From the Polyphonic, by permission.

Cheerful.

1. Morn a - mid the mountains, Love - ly sol - i - tude, Gushing streams and

fountains, Mur - mur, "God is good." Praise Him, men and an - gels,

Praise Him, children, too; Praise Him, all cre - a - tion, God is good to you.

2 Now the glad sun, breaking,
Pours a golden flood;
Deepest vales awaking,
Echo, "God is good."

3 Hymns of praise are ringing
Through the leafy wood;
Songsters sweetly singing,
Warble, "God is good."

4 Wake and join the chorus,
Man with soul endued;
He whose smile is o'er us,
God, our God is good.

1. Tell me the old, old sto-ry Of un-seen things a-bove, Of Je-sus and his glo-ry, Of
D.S. For I am weak and wea-ry, And

D. S. *Chorus.*

Je-sus and his love. Tell me the sto-ry sim-ply, As to a lit-tle child, Tell me the old, old
help-less and de-filed.

sto-ry, It will my spir-it move; Oh, tell me the old, old sto-ry, Of Je-sus and his love.

2 Tell me the story slowly,
That I may take it in,
That wonderful redemption,
God's remedy for sin.
Tell me the story often,
For I forget so soon!
The "early dew" of morning
Has passed away at noon.

3 Tell me the story softly,
With earnest tones and grave;
Remember! I'm the sinner
Whom Jesus came to save.
Tell me the story always,
If you would really be,
In any time of trouble,
A comforter to me.

4 Tell me the same old story,
When you have cause to fear
That this world's empty glory
Is costing me too dear.
Oh, yes, when that world's glory
Is dawning on my soul,
Tell me the old, old story,
"Christ Jesus makes thee whole!"

The Children's Friend.

1. Thou Guardian of our youthful days, To thee our prayers ascend; To thee we'll tune our
 2. O, may we feel a Savior's love—To him our souls commend, Who left his glorious
 3. Lord, draw our youthful hearts to thee, And when this life shall end, Raise us to live a-

songs of praise, Je - sus, the children's Friend. The children's Friend, the children's Friend, Je-
 throne a - bove, To be the children's Friend. The children's Friend, the children's Friend, To
 bove the sky, With thee, the children's Friend. The children's Friend, the children's Friend, With

sus, the children's Friend; To thee we'll tune our songs of praise, Je - sus, the children's Friend.
 be the children's Friend; Who left his glo - rious throne a - bove, To be the children's Friend.
 thee, the children's Friend; Raise us to live a - bove the sky, With thee, the children's Friend.

1. There is a place where the angels dwell, A pure and a peaceful abode; The joys of that place no
 2. There is a place where they never die, Where beauty and youth never fade; Where never is heard the

Chorus.

tongue can tell, But there is the pal - ace of God. I'm bound for home, for my Father-land, The
 mournful cry, "My friend, my be - lov - ed is dead. I'm bound for home, etc.

Ritard.

house and the cit-y a - bove; And soon shall I join the ransomed band, And dwell in that city of love.

3 There is a place where my friends have gone,
 Who suffered and worshiped with me,
 Exalted with Christ, high on his throne,
 The King in his beauty they see.
 I'm bound for home, etc.

4 There is a place where I hope to live,
 When life and its labors are o'er,
 A place which the Lord to me will give,
 And then I shall sorrow no more.
 I'm bound for home, etc.

1. Je-sus, lov-er of my'soul, Let me to thy bo-som fly, While the wa-ters near me roll,

While the tem - pest still is nigh; Hide me, O my Sa - vior, hide, Till the storm of

life is past; Safe in-to the ha-ven guide— Oh, re-ceive my soul at last.

2 Other refuge I have none;
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, oh, leave me not alone;
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on thee is stayed;
All my help from thee I bring;

Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of thy wing.
3 Plenteous grace with thee is found—
Grace to cover all my sin:

Let the healing streams abound;
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art:
Freely let me take of thee;
Spring thou up within my heart
Rise to all eternity.

Welcome, Welcome Here.

11

LIVELY.

T. C. O'KANE.

1. Come with us to - day, oh come, Do n't de - lay, don't de - lay, To the Sabbath-school our
2. Come while yet your hearts are light, Join our throng, join our throng, And u - nite, with true de-

Chorus.

home, Come, ye children, haste a - way. Oh come and join our singing, To God our trib - ute
light, While we sing a cheerful song. Oh come and join, etc.

bring - ing, We'll join our voic - es loud and clear, Oh wel - come, wel-come here.

3 Here we learn the way of truth,
Teachers dear teach us here,
And in the days of youth
We are taught the Lord to fear.
Oh come, etc.

4 On this holy Sabbath day,
They impart to each heart,
That truth which points the way
To brighter realms above.
Oh come, etc.

Going Home.

1. Our hap - py home is far a - way, In the bright realms of endless day; Within a land so
2. No sin or pain is ev - er known By all the millions round the throne; Unbro - ken pleasure

Chorus.

bright and fair, Death's shadow nev - er en - ters there. We're go - ing home to die no more, When
there is found, And ev - er - last - ing joys a - bound. We're go - ing home, etc.

we have gained fair Canaan's shore, We'll sing and shout our suff'rings o'er, We're going home to die no more.

3 Many dear friends have gone before,
And now they sigh and weep no more;
But with the ransomed host they roam,
Through heaven above, their happy home.

4 Then patiently we'll wait the day,
When to that clime we'll wing our way;
Enter our mansions in the sky,
O blessed thought! no more to die.

Beautiful Sabbath Morning.

T. C. O'KANE.

13

Oh! the Sabbath morning, beautiful and bright, Joyfully we hail its welcome, golden light, All the glowing shadows

Chorus.

chasing far away, Bringing us the pleasant day. Day, calm and holy day, nearest heaven, Day which a Father's

boundless love has giv-en, Oh! the Sabbath morning, beautiful and bright, Glad we hail its golden light.

2 All the days of labor ended, one by one,
 Glad are we the six days' work is past and gone:
 Glad to have a day of sweet and holy rest;
 'T is the day that God has blest.
 Day, calm and holy, etc.

3 Let us spend the moments of this holy day,
 So that when at last they have all passed away,
 Sweet 't will be to think—the quiet Sabbath ev'n
 Brings us one day nearer heaven.
 Day, calm and holy, etc.

How Sweet is the Sabbath.

German.

1. How sweet is the Sabbath, the morning of rest,
 2. O let me be thoughtful and prayerful to-day,
 3. In-struct me, my Savior, for thine would I be,

The day of the week which I ought to love best;
 And not spend a moment in tri-ling or play;
 Nor am I too young to be noticed by thee;

The morning the Savior arose from the tomb,
 Remem'ring these seasons were graclons-ly given
 Re - new all my heart, keep me firm in thy ways,

And took from the grave all its ter-ror and gloom.
 To teach me to seek, and prepare me for heaven.
 I would love thee and serve thee and give thee the praise.

The Lord's Prayer. (Chant.)

Gregorian.

1. Our Father who art in heaven, | hallowed | be thy | name: | Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on | earth,
 as it | is in | heaven;
2. Give us this | day our | daily | bread; | And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive | them that | trespass
 a- | gainst us;
3. And lead us not into temptation, but de- | liver us from | evil; | For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and
 the | glory, for- | ever. A- | men.

Beyond the Stream.

15

1. On the banks beyond the stream, Where the fields are always green, There's no night, but endless

On the banks There's no night,

day, but endless day, There is where the angels stay. { There's no sorrow, pain, or fear, There's no parting farewell . . . tear, There's no

1ST. ED.

cloud or darkness there; All is bright, and clear, and fair.

There's no cloud

2 Fadeless flowers of beauty there,
Trees of life with foliage rare,
Fruits the most inviting grow,
There is where I want to go
Hark, I hear the angels sing,
Heavenly harpers on the wing,
Throng the air, and bid me rise
To the music of the skies.

3 Soon from earth I'll soar away
To the realms of endless day,
Soon I'll join the ransomed throng,
Sing with them redemption's song.
Pearly gates stand open wide,
Just beyond death's chilling tide
Mansions bright, behold! I see,
There the angels wait for me.

4 Earthly home, adieu, adieu,
Earthly friends, farewell to you;
Softly breathe your last good-by,
"Jesus calls me—let me die."
Hallelujah! Christ has come.
Come to bear me to my home.
Friends beloved, oh, weep no more,
Meet me on the other shore.

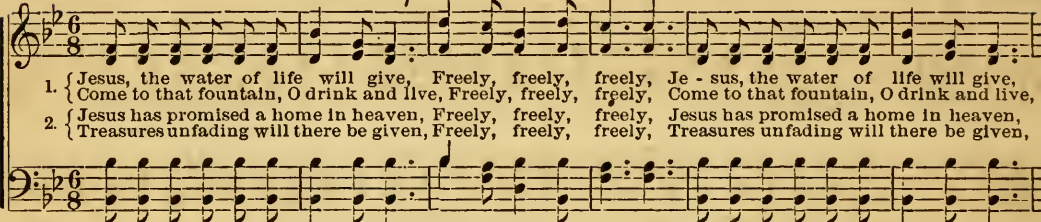
The Water of Life.

From Bradbury's Fresh Laurels, by permission of Biglow and Main.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

"I will give unto him that is athirst of the fountain of the water of life freely."—REV. xxi: 6.

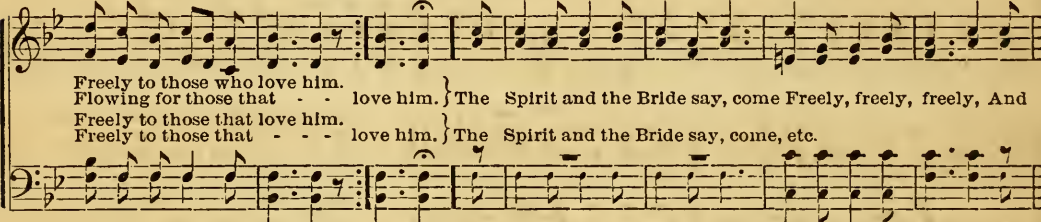
f Chorus.



1. { Jesus, the water of life will give, Freely, freely, freely, Je - sus, the water of life will give,
 { Come to that fountain, O drink and live, Freely, freely, freely, Come to that fountain, O drink and live,

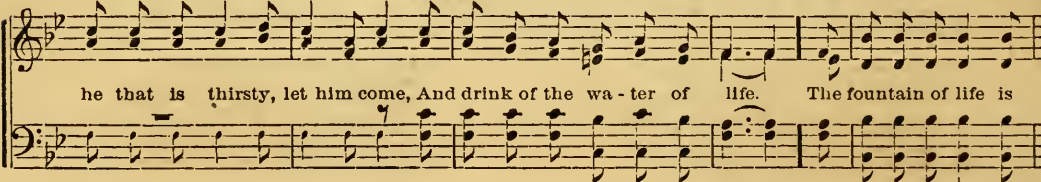
2. { Jesus has promised a home in heaven, Freely, freely, freely, Jesus has promised a home in heaven,
 { Treasures unfading will there be given, Freely, freely, freely, Treasures unfading will there be given,

1st. 2d. Duet. Chorus.

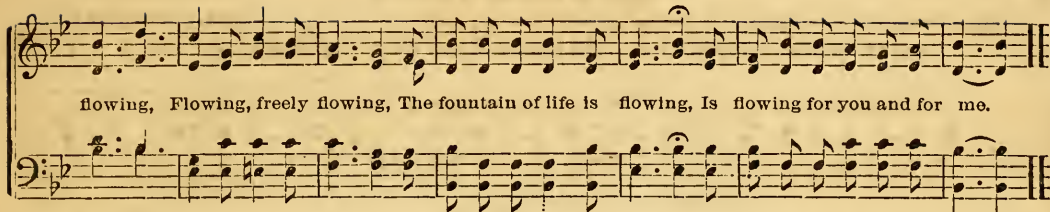


Freely to those who love him.
 Flowing for those that - - love him. } The Spirit and the Bride say, come Freely, freely, freely, And
 Freely to those that love him.
 Freely to those that - - - love him. } The Spirit and the Bride say, come, etc.

Chorus. Full Chorus.



he that is thirsty, let him come, And drink of the wa - ter of life. The fountain of life is



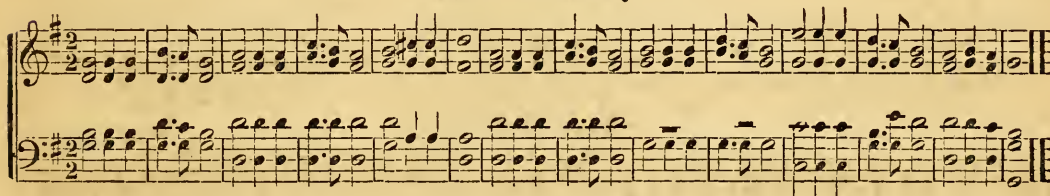
flowing, Flowing, freely flowing, The fountain of life is flowing, Is flowing for you and for me.

3 Jesus has promised a robe of white,
 Freely, freely, freely,
 Jesus has promised a robe of white,
 Freely to those that love him;
 Kingdoms of glory and crowns of light,
 Freely, freely, freely,
 Kingdoms of glory and crowns of light,
 Freely to those that love him.—*Cho.*

4 Jesus has promised eternal day,
 Freely, freely, freely,
 Jesus has promised eternal day,
 Freely to those that love him;
 Pleasure that never shall pass away,
 Freely, freely, freely,
 Pleasure that never shall pass away,
 Freely to those that love him.—*Cho.*

5 Jesus has promised a calm repose,
 Freely, freely, freely,
 Jesus has promised a calm repose,
 Freely to all that love him;
 Come to the water of life that flows,
 Freely, freely, freely,
 Come to the water of life that flows,
 Freely to all that love him.—*Cho.*

Lamb of Calvary.



1 My faith looks up to thee,
 Thou Lamb of Calvary,
 Savior divine;
 Now hear me while I pray,
 Take all my guilt away,
 O let me from this day
 Be wholly thine.

2 May thy rich grace impart
 Strength to my fainting heart;
 My zeal inspire;
 As thou hast died for me,
 O may my love to thee
 Pure, warm, and changeless be,
 A living fire.

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
 And griefs around me spread,
 Be thou my Guide;
 Bid darkness turn to day,
 Wipe sorrow's tears away,
 Nor let me ever stray
 From thee aside.

Welcome to our Festival.

From CHERUBINI.

1. Welcome to our fes - ti - val, } He has spared us through the year,
Par - ents, teach - ers, chil - dren all, } We'll sing God's love, { And in mer - cy brings us here,

* Omit this rest in the repeat.

Chorus.

And in mercy brings us here, We'll sing his love. { Now we sing our cheerful welcome lay,
Hail, oh hail, this hap - py fes - tal . . . day.

2 All unite to praise our God,
For his grace on us bestowed,
We'll sing his love;
Hallowed be the songs we raise—
: Happy songs of grateful praise, : |
We'll sing his love.

3 God who dwells beyond the sky,
Turns on us a grievous eye;
We'll sing his love:
Still prolongs our day of grace,
: Gives us time to seek his face, : |
We'll sing his love.

4 But while thus our hearts rejoice,
We must heed his warning voice,
We'll sing his love;
Seek the way of peace and truth,
: In the early days of youth, : |
We'll sing his love.

"Blest be the Tie."

From Nagell.

1 Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love,
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers,
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

3 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain,
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again

1. Ho - ly Spir - it, faith - ful Guide, Ev - er near the (Christian's side, }
 Gent - ly lead us by the hand, Pilgrims in a des - ert land. } Weary souls for - e'er re - jolce,
 D. C. *Whisp'ring softly, wan - d'rer, come! Fol - low me, I'll guide thee home.*

D. C.

2 Ever present, truest friend,
 Ever near, thine aid to lend,
 Leave us not to doubt and fear,
 Groping on in darkness drear.
 When the storms are raging sore,
 Hearts grow faint and hopes give o'er,
 Whisper softly, wanderer, come!
 Follow me, I'll guide thee home.

3 When our days of toil shall cease,
 Waiting still for sweet release,
 Nothing left but heaven and prayer
 Wondering if our names are there;
 Wading deep the dismal flood,
 Pleading naught but Jesus' blood,
 Whisper softly, wanderer, come!
 Follow me, I'll guide thee home.

For the Infant Class.

Children's Praise.

1. Here we throng to praise the Lord, Listen now, listen now, Here we throng to praise the Lord With our infant lays.

He who once lay in a manger, Now enthroned our blest Redeemer, With a Father's love has said He'd accept o'ir praise.

2 "Let young children come to me,"
 Jesus said, Jesus said.
 "Let young children come to me,
 And forbid them not,
 For of such," the Savior told them,
 "Is composed my heavenly kingdom."
 What a rapturous thought it is,
 Christ forgets us not!

3 Let us love, and now adore;
 Love him now, love him now;
 Let us love, and now adore,
 In our youthful strength.
 Let us never grieve our Savior,
 Who hath died to win us favor,
 Ah! this thought should melt our hearts—
 Children's hearts can melt.

3 But we'll have a joyous song,
 Joyous song, joyous song;
 But we'll have a joyous song
 For our jubilee.
 Jesus lives and reigns forever;
 This will make us joyous ever.
 Savior, hear this praise to thee
 Who remembered me.

With spirit.

Boys.—Who are they whose lit - tle feet, Pac - ing life's dark jour - ney through, Now have reached that
Girls.—“ I from Greenland's frozen land, I from In - dia's sul - try plain, I from Afric's

Chorus.

heavenly seat, They had ev - er kept in view? } There to welcome Je - sus waits, Gives the crowns his
bar - ren sand, I from islands of the main.” }

fol - l'wers win, Lift up your heads, ye golden gates, And let the welcome lit - tle trav'lers in.

Boys.—Little travelers Zionward,
Enter ye into your rest,
In the kingdom of your Lord,
In the mansions of the blest.

Girls.—“All our earthly journey past,
Every tear and pain gone by,
Here together met at last,
At the portal of the sky.”—*Cho*

Our happy Home.

From The Diadem.

Words and Music by GEO. STOWE.

1. In that world of glo - ry bright, Where the Sav - lor is the light, All is joy, and
2. There the Sav - lor we shall see, And our vol - ces then will be Tuned to heaven's

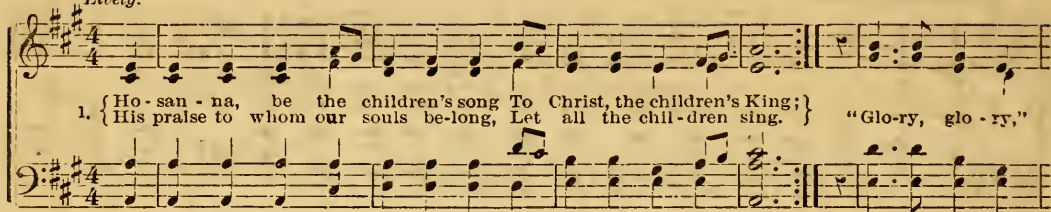
Chorus.

there's no night, Nor sin, nor sor - row there. In our hap - py home in heav - en,
min - strel - sy, And sing re - deem - ing love. In our hap - py home, etc.

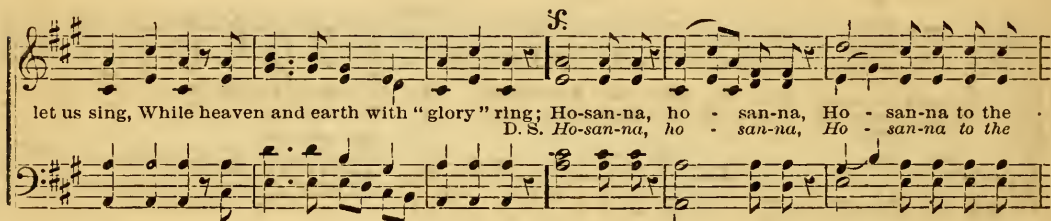
Where the golden harps are ring - ing, An - gels beau - ti - ful are sing - ing, And all is love and praise.

3 O, how sweet to think of heaven,
Happy home to children given;
Here, "by sin and sorrow driven,"
There, all is perfect rest.—*Cho.*

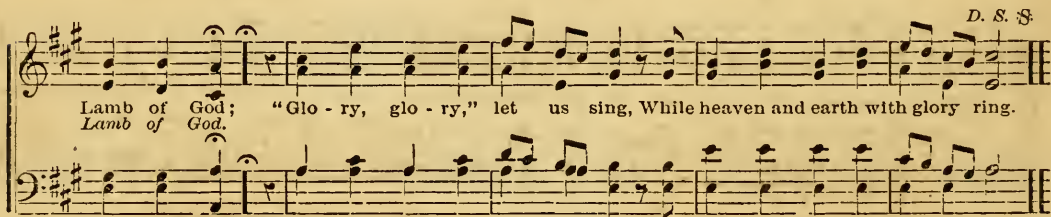
4 Father, guide our steps aright,
May it be our great delight
To live holy in thy sight.
That we may dwell with thee.—*Cho.*

Lively.


1. { Ho - san - na, be the children's song To Christ, the children's King; }
His praise to whom our souls be-long, Let all the chil-dren sing. "Glo-ry, glo - ry,"



let us sing, While heaven and earth with "glory" ring; Ho-san-na, ho - san-na, Ho - san-na to the
D. S. Ho-san-na, ho - san-na, Ho - san-na to the



Lamb of God; "Glo - ry, glo - ry," let us sing, While heaven and earth with glory ring.
Lamb of God. D. S. S.

2 Hosanna, sound from hill to hill,
And spread from plain to plain,
While louder, sweeter, clearer still,
Woods echo to the strain.

3 Hosanna, on the wings of light,
O'er earth and ocean fly,
Till morn to eve, and noon to night,
And heaven to earth, reply.

4 Hosanna, then, our song shall be;
Hosanna to our King;
This is the children's jubilee—
Let all the children sing.

Opening Hymn.

* * *

23

1. Lord, we come be-fore thee now, And with one u - nit - ed vow, To thy sa-cred serv-ice now

All our lives re - sign. On - ly to each youthful heart, Cour-age, patience, hope impart,

Then if thou our lead-er art, Glo - ry shall be thine.

2 But can such a feeble band
Satan's gathered hosts withstand,
And resist, with dauntless hand,
All their mighty powers?
Savior, in thy name we go;
Thou hast conquered every foe,
And if thou thy strength bestow,
"Saving help" is ours.

3 Far above our mortal sight,
Round the throng in shining light,
Happy spirits clothed in white,
Strike their harps and cry :
"Jesus triumphed when he rose
Jesus conquered all our foes ;
Now his faithful hand bestows
Palms of victory."

4 Savior, if thy cross we bear,
May we hope thy joy to share,
And with ransomed hosts to wear
Crowns of light on high ?
Hear us now we humbly pray,
Take us in our early day,
Let us 'neath thy banner stay,
Faithful till we die.

Come, Go with us to Zion.

"Come thou with us and we will do thee good."

T. C. O'KANE.

1. { We're trav'ling home to heaven above, We're on our way to Zion, { Millions have reached that blest abode
 To sing a Savior's dy - ing love; Come, go with us to Zion. { And millions more are on the road. To

2. { We're going to walk the plains of light, We're on, etc. { The crown of life we then shall wear,
 Where perfect day dispels the night, Come, go, etc. { And all the joys of heaven we'll share, In

To Zi - on.

Zi-on, to Zi-on, Come, go with us to Zion, Come, go with us to Zion.

3 The way to heaven is straight and plain,
 We're on our way to Zion;
 Repent, believe, be born again,
 Come, go with us to Zion.
 The Savior cries aloud to thee,
 "Take up thy cross and follow me."
 To Zion, etc.

4 We're going to join the heavenly choir,
 We're on our way to Zion,
 To raise our voices—tune the lyre—
 Come go with us to Zion.
 There saints and angels gladly sing,
 Hosanna to their God and King.
 In Zion, etc.

To-day the Savior Calls.

1 To-day the Sav-ior calls! Ye wand'ers come: O ye be-night-ed souls, Why lon-ger roam?
 2 To-day the Sav-ior calls! Oh hear him now; Within these sa-cred walls, To Je-sus bow.
 3 The spir-it calls to-day; Yield to his power; O grieve him not a-way, 'Tis mer-cy's hour.

Hark, a Voice!*

T. C. O'KANE.

25

1. Hark, a voice! a heavenly voice, Floating lightly, light-ly by;
 "Come to Je-sus and re-joice, . . . Then you'll live with him on high."

Yes, dear Sav-ior, we will come, Joy-ful-ly the call o-bey, Seeking our e-ter-nal home.

Chorus, adapted.

Through the nar-row way. We're coming, we're coming, we're coming to the Sav-ior;
 We're coming, we're coming, we're com-ing, Lord, to . . . thee.

2 Hark, a voice! a heavenly voice,
 Singing sweetly, sweetly now,
 "T is the hour to make thy choice,
 Come, oh come, to Jesus bow."
 Yes, we bow before thy throne,
 Weak and sinful though we be,
 Trusting in thy grace alone,
 Ever full and free.

3 Hark, a voice! a heavenly voice;
 Hear it sounding through the land,
 "Sculs on earth make heaven rejoice,
 Who for Jesus boldly stand."
 Yes, we'll "stand" for our dear Friend,
 Boldly lift his colors high,
 Love and serve him to the end-
 In his service die.

* Let one portion of the school sing the invitation, another the response, and then all join in the chorus

The Bible.

1. The Bi - ble, the Bi - ble! more precious than gold, The hopes and the glories its pag-es un - fold ;

It speaks of re - demp-tion—wide o - pens the door— It of - fers sal - va - tion to rich and to poor.

Chorus.

The Bi - ble, the Bi - ble, so dear to the heart, A vol - ume so precious we'll ne'er from it part.

2 The Bible, the Bible! blest volume of truth,
How sweetly it smiles on the season of youth;
Ere hearts are enslaved in the bondage of vice,
It bids us seek early the "pearl of great price."
The Bible, etc.

3 The Bible, the Bible! the valleys shall ring,
And hill-tops re-echo the notes that we sing;
Our banners inscribed with its precepts and rules,
Shall long wave in triumph the joy of our schools
The Bible, etc.

ANDANTE.

1. { What to me are earth's pleasures and what its flowing tears? What are all the sorrows I de-plore?
There's a voice ev-er swell-ing still lin-gers in my ears, "Oh, sorrow shall come again no more."

Chorus.

'Tis a song from the home of the wea-ry, "Sor-row is for-ev-er o'er; Hap-py

now, and ev-er hap-py on Canaan's peaceful shore, Where sorrow shall come a-gain no more."

2 I seek not earthly glory, nor mingle with the gay,
I desire not the world's gilded store;
There are voices now calling from those bright realms
"Oh, sorrow shall come again no more." [of day,

3 'Tis a note that is wafted across the troubled wave,
'Tis a song I've heard upon the shore:

'Tis a sweet-thrilling murmur around the Christian's
"Oh, sorrow shall come again no more." [grave,

4 'Tis the loud-pealing anthem, the victor's holy song,
Where the strife and the conflict are all o'er,
Where the saved ones forever in joyous notes prolong,
"Oh, sorrow shall come again no more."

Blessed are the Pure in Heart.

By permission of C. G. ALLEN.

"Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

1. Bless - ed are the pure in heart, Walk - ing in the nar - row way; Children of the

bet - ter part, Heirs of end - less day. Liv - ing near the sa - cred stream,

Flowing through the courts above; Near the ev - er radiant beam Of a Savior's love.

2 Pure in heart, how blessed are they,
 Promise by the Savior given;
 Every hour that glides away,
 Brings them nearer heaven.
 O, how sweet the joys they share!
 O, how calm their tranquil rest!
 Close to him whose name they bear,
 They of all are blest.

3 Blessed are the pure in heart,
 They by faith can lift their eyes,
 When these earthly scenes depart,
 To their native skies.
 God their Father they shall see;
 In his kingdom they shall rest;
 Pure in heart, O, let us be!
 They of heaven are blest.

Work, for the Night is Coming.

T. C. O'KANE. 29

1. Work, for the night is com - ing; Work thro' the morning hours; Work while the dew is spark-ling;
D. S. *Work, for the night is com - ing,*

Work 'mid springing flow'rs; Work, when the day grows brighter, Work in the glowing sun;
When man's work is done. Work when the day grows brighter, Work in the glowing sun.

2 Work, for the night is coming;
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor,
Rest comes sure and soon.
Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store;

Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies.
Work till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more;

3 Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies;

Work while the night is darkening,
When man's work is o'er.

For the Infant Class.

Morning Hymn.

1. The morning bright, With rosy light, Has waked me up from sleep, {Fa-ther I own, }
{Thy hand a-lone} Thy lit-tle one doth keep.

2 All through the day, I humbly pray,
Be thou my guard and guide;
My sins forgive, And let me live,
Blest Jesus, near thy side.

3 Oh make thy rest Within my breast,
Great Spirit of all grace;
Make me like thee—Then shall I be
Prepared to see thy face.

The Savior's Command.

Words by ROB MORRIS.

From The Singing Pilgrim. S. J. VAIL.

1. O'er the portals of mercy these words are inscribed, And written in letters of gold; The way-far-ing,
 2. O, ye weary, draw nigh, 't is the place of re- pose; Ye footsore your journeyings cease; Ye toilworn with
 3. All ye mourners, be-liev-ing, in con-fidence come; Ye des - o - late, haste to look up; Ye troubled in

Chorus.
 man may behold them afar, And knock at the heavenly fold. Knock, knock, knock, 't is the Savior's com-
 la-bor, new vig-or put on, And knock at the portals of peace. Knock, etc. [mand
 heart be resigned to his word, And knock at the portals of hope. Knock, etc.

Knock at the portals above; Knock, knock, knock, 't is the Savior's command, Enter into the mansion of love.

4 And ye sinners, O come! there's a palace for you,
 Prepared by the Bullder above;
 Approach with your burden, in meekness submit,
 And knock at the portals of love.
 Knock, knock, knock, 't is the Savior's command,
 Knock at the portals above, etc.

5 They're all waiting within, and the feast is prepared,
 What folly to tarry and wait!
 Let every one come in obedient haste,
 And knock at the heavenly gate.
 Knock, knock, knock, 't is the Savior's command,
 Knock at the heavenly gate, etc.

"I will Trust in my Savior."

Words from The Bladem.

ROSSINI.

1. { I will trust in my Savior, Who always is near, For his hand will uphold me, I never need fear.
When storms are around me, And waves breaking high, I may hear in the tempest,

Chorus.

His voice, "It is I." A few stormy days, And my tri-als are past, No more shall disturb me The

world's chilling blast; But soaring to regions Of rapture on high, My Savior will greet me, And say "It is I."

2 How he chastens in mercy
To draw me away
From the earth and its pleasures,
To heaven's bright day.
To fit me for praising
With angels on high,
He afflicts then he comforts,
And says, "It is I."—*Chorus.*

3 O! for this, my dear Savior,
I'll bear every loss,
And will run where he bids me,
And carry my cross.
For sure is that promise
Which comes from the sky,
"I will lead you, and save you,
Fear not—it is I."—*Chorus.*

Take thy Children Home.

Words by LILY.

From "SABBATH CAROLS," by permission of T. E. PERKINS

1. Why do we lin-ger? We have no resting place, Rocked by the tempest On the o-cean's foam;

Why do we lin-ger? We are but strangers here; Father, dear Father, Take thy children home.
D. S. *Why do we lin-ger? We are but strangers here; Father, dear Father, Take thy children home.*

*Semi-Chorus.**D. S. Chorus.*

Dark and lone our path below, By care and sorrow clouded;
Dreary winds around us blow, While onward still we roam.

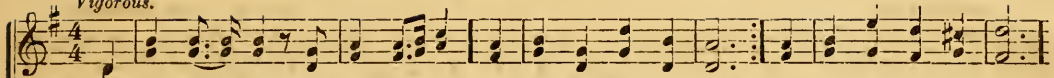
2 Why do wo linger?
Why cling to earthly joys,
Calling the pilgrim
From the narrow way?
Trust not their brightness,
Fleet as the early beam,
Chasing the shadow

From the brow of day.
Dark and lone, etc.
Why do we, etc.

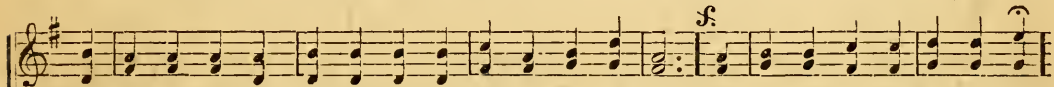
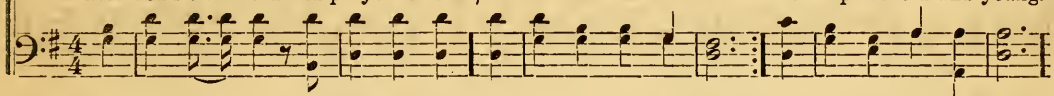
3 There, in thy bosom,
Sheltered from every storm,
Peace, like a river,

Shall forever glide?
Laving the vine-tree,
Cooling the sunny vale,
Bearing the faithful
On its silver tide.
Dark and lone, etc.
Why do we, etc.

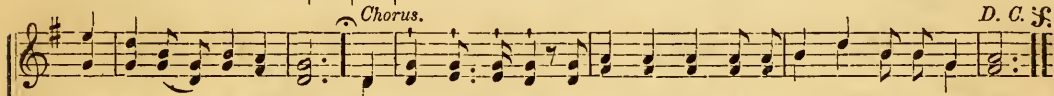
Vigorous.



1. A song for the school, the Sunday-school, Where heavenly hymns are sung;
Where God's own word and prayer is heard, - - - From lips of old and young.



There rich and poor find o - pen door, One Father gives the call; With liv - ing bread the soul is fed,
D. C. *Count all things loss without the cross,*



And sa - tis - fied are all. Then shout for the school, the Sunday-school, Where the glorious lesson is given,
For that is the way to heaven.



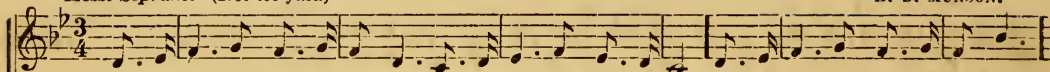
2 Come all ye young of every tongue,
Come every age indeed;
Oh hither turn and seek to learn,
What most of all! you need.

Throughout the school, Love holds the rule,
And Hope is there to cheer;
O, come rejoice in Wisdom's voice,
And lend a willing ear.—*Cho.*

Room for Jesus.—Duet and Chorus.

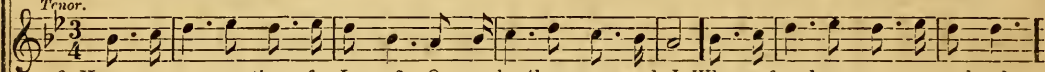
Mezzo Soprano. (Not too fast.)

H. D. MUNSON.

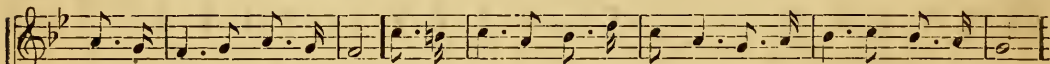
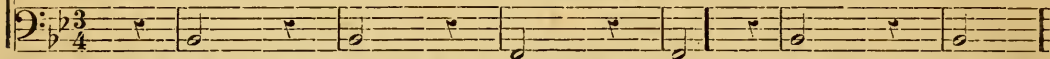


1. Have you an - y room for Je - sus? When we gather shall we say That the fol - low - ers of the Master
 2. O my brothers, are we wis - er, Are we better now than they? Have we an - y room for Je - sus

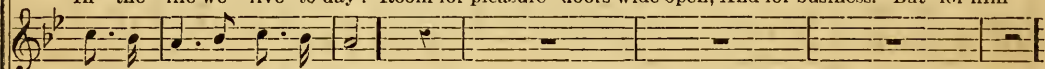
Tenor.



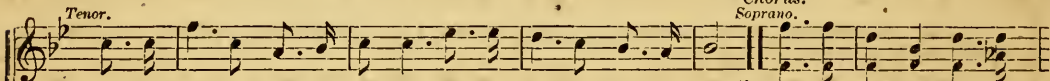
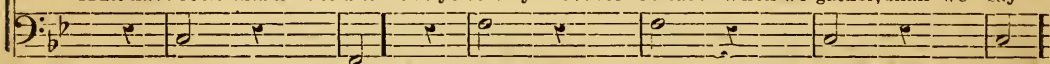
3. Have you a - ny time for Je - sus? O my brothers, you and I, When a few days more are end - ed,



Have no time for prayer to - day? He was cra - dled in a manger; His own an - gels sang the hymn
 In the life we live to - day? Room for pleasure—doors wide open, And for business. But for him



Must have room and time to die. Have you an - y love for Je - sus? When we gather, shall we say



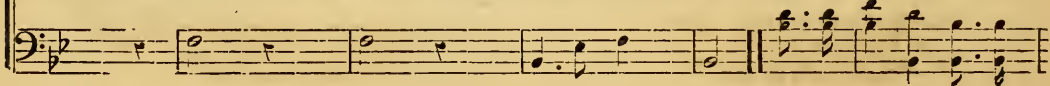
Chorus.

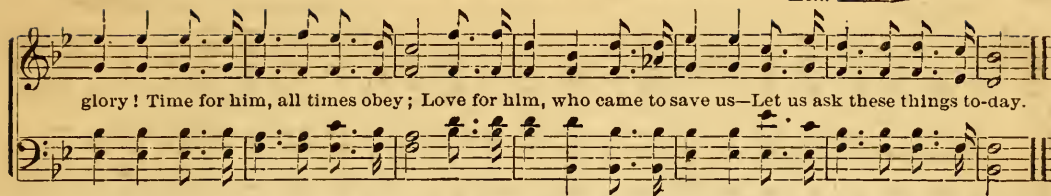
Soprano.

Alto.

Of re - joic - ing at his com - ing, Yet there is no room for him.
 On - ly here and there a manger, Like to that at Beth - le - hem.
 That the fol - lowers of the Mas - ter Are not fol - low - ers to - day?

Room for Je - sus, King of
 Room for Je - sus, etc.
 Room for Je - sus, etc.

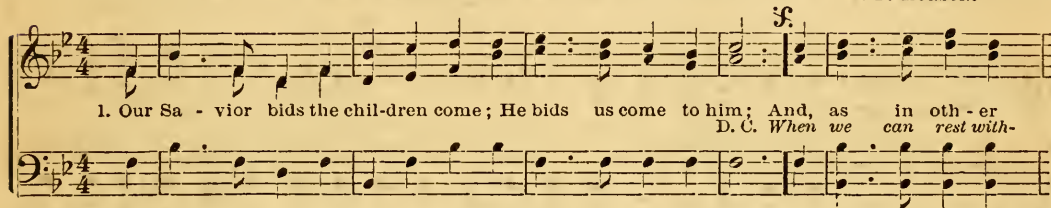




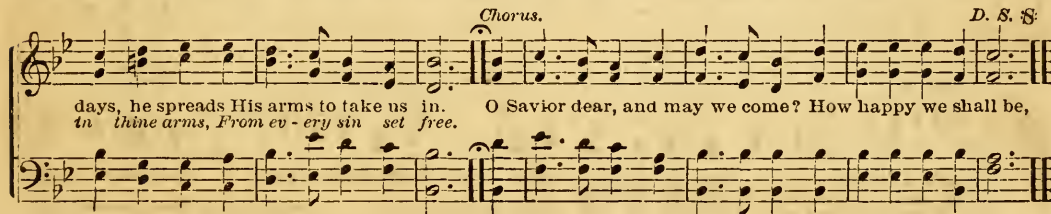
glory! Time for him, all times obey; Love for him, who came to save us—Let us ask these things to-day.

Our Savior bids the Children come.

H. D. MUNSON.



1. Our Sa - vior bids the chil-dren come; He bids us come to him; And, as in oth - er
D. C. When we can rest with-



Chorus. D. S. $\text{\textcircled{S}}$
days, he spreads His arms to take us in. O Savior dear, and may we come? How happy we shall be,
in thine arms, From ev - ery sin set free.

2 Forever blessed be his name;
No earthly love like his;
Oh, may it draw our hearts to him,
And to the world of bliss.
O Savior dear, etc.

3 There may we come at last to sing
In nobler strains his praise,
And join the little ones who stand
Before our Father's face.
O Savior dear, etc.

Give to God the Sabbath Night.

*Lively.*By permission, from *The Song Crown*.

1. Sl - lent - ly the shades are fall - ing On the air, And the vil - lage bells are call - ing
 2. God ordained the Sabbath stillness For his praise, God, the glorious strength and fullness
 3. Sabbaths here oft dawn in sadness, Close in tears, But a scene of constant glad - ness

Un - to prayer. Shades of evening coming slow - ly, Snatch away the ling'ring light, Ban - ish ev' - ry
 Of our days. From his six days' toil re - posing, When cre - at - ing work was done, Hallowing as the
 Heaven appears. There our prayers will turn to praises, Sabbath bells and preached word, Are unneeded

m. Chorus to each verse. *dim. Rit.*

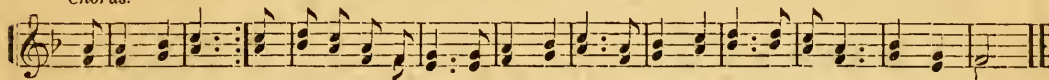
thought un - ho - ly, Give to God the Sabbath night. The Sabbath night, the Sabbath night.
 day was closing, The all - glorious Sabbath sun. Give to God, Give to God the Sabbath night.
 where each raises Songs of glo - ry to the Lord. Give to God, Give to God the Sabbath night.

1st End.

2d End.



1. Hark! I hear the Sav-ior call-ing, "Lit-tle children, come to me,
I will bless you, save you, keep you, . . . I from sin will set you free."
Chorus.

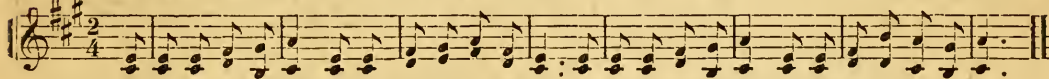


He calls a-gain, }
Oh let us then, } With one united cry, The call o-bey, and humbly say, "Dear Jesus, here am I."

- 2 "Come," says Jesus, "in the morning
Of your bright and tender youth,
I will be your guide and helper,
I'm the Way, the Life, the Truth.
- 3 "Come, for 't was to seek and save you,
I to earth from heaven came down,
- 4 "Come, there's nothing now to hinder,
Little child who'er thou art;
I for thee myself have given;
Give me back thyself—thy heart."

Our Friend.

For the Infant Class.



1. Think of it, little children, Whene'er you kneel to pray, The gentle, dear Redeemer Hears every word you say.
Chorus.



Then humbly pray to Jesus, The pure, the meek, the mild, He loves the prayers of children, Who was himself a child.

- 2 He loves to see the children
Before his footstool bend;
Let infant voices praise him,
Of old, the children's friend.
- 3 Go often to his presence,
And tell your troubles there,
And send your joys and sorrows
Forth, on the wings of prayer.
- 4 No other friend can love you
One half as well as he;
O'er time's dark wave he'll guide you
To heaven's crystal sea.

Sing of a Savior's Love.

From Devotional Melodies. Words by Rev. W. KENNEY.

Arranged for "Fresh Leaves."

Chorus.

1. { Oh, come, happy children, unite in our song, Sing of a Savior's love; }
 { With hearts full of gladness his praises prolong; He is the friend we love. } Then join in ho-san-nas to

Jesus our King, Loud let the chorus exultingly ring; Sing of his love, Sing of his love, Sing of a Savior's love.

- 2 We'll sing of his mercy who for us hath died, Sing of a Savior's love,
 Rejoicingly sing of our Lord crucified; He is the friend we love.—*Cho.*
- 3 We'll praise him for coming our souls to redeem, Sing of his wondrous love,
 Till earth's happy millions shall join in our theme, Praising the friend we love.—*Cho.*
- 4 Oh, do you not hear him now bidding you come, Come to his arms of love?
 Then why will you tarry? for yet there is room, Room in his arms of love.—*Cho.*
- 5 Oh, come, then, and join in the song that we sing, Singing of him we love;
 Join all your glad voices in praise to our King, Praises to him we love.—*Cho.*

"Title Clear."—Freedmen's Melody.

Lively.

Arranged with Chorus by T. C. O'KANE.

{ When I can read my ti - tle clear, When I can read my ti - tle clear, When I can read my ti - tle
I'll bid farewell to ev - ery fear, ti - tle clear, I'll bid farewell to ev - ery fear, I'll bid farewell to ev - ery
ev - ery fear, ev - ery fear, ev - ery fear,

Chorus.

{ clear To mansions in the skies, { We will stand, the storm, We will an - chor by and
{ fear, And wipe my weeping eyes. { We will stand, stand the storm; It will not be very long; We will anchor by and by, We will

{ by, by and by, We will stand the storm, We will an - chor by and by, by and by.
{ an - chor by and by, We will stand, stand the storm; It will not be very long, We will anchor by and

2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And fiery darts be hurl'd,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
Let storms of sorrow fall—
So I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all.

4 There I shall bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

Consider the Poor.

"For ye have the poor with ye always, and whensoever ye will ye can do them good.

Words by WM. EDSALL.

Specially contributed by PHILIP PHILLIPS.

1. Re-mem-ber the poor, the des - o - late poor, Nor leave them to wander from door to door; Be

read - y and wil-ling your comforts to share With those who are burdened with sor-row and care.

Chorus.

Repeat pp.

For the promise is sure, The promise is sure, Blessed is he, Blessed is he, Blessed is he that consid'reth the poor.

2 Remember the poor, be kind to the heart
So patiently trying to bear its part;
The widow who toils by the embers that wane,
While tears from her eyelids are falling like rain.

3 Remember the poor, for hard is their lot
Go, visit, the humble and lonely cot;
When blest is your basket, and prospered your store,
Be grateful to God, and remember the poor.

I'll follow Jesus.

Words from The Bladem.

T. C. O'KANE.

1. { The world looks very beautiful, And full of joy to me; On every thing I see. I know I shall be
The sun shines out in glory bright,

happy, While in the world I stay, For I will follow Jesus, I'll follow all the way. I'll follow, follow,

Chorus.

1st time. follow, follow, Follow all the way, *2d time.* Follow all the way.

2 I'm but a youthful pilgrim here,
My journey's just begun;
They tell me I shall sorrow meet
Before my journey's done.
The world is full of sorrow,
And suffering, they say;
But I will follow Jesus,
And follow all the way.—*Cho.*

3 Then on my youthful pilgrimage,
Whatever I may meet,
I'll take it—joy and sorrow all,
And lay at Jesus' feet.
He'll comfort me in trouble,
He'll wipe my tears away,
With joy I'll follow Jesus,
And follow all the way.—*Cho.*

4 Then trials can not weigh me down,
And pain I need not fear;
For when I'm close by Jesus' side,
Grief can not come too near.
Not even death can harm me,
When death I meet one day;
To heaven I'll follow Jesus,
And follow all the way.—*Cho.*

Guide me, O thou Great Jenovah.

T. C. O'KANE.

Moderato.

1. Guide me, O thou great Jeho - vah, Pilgrim thro' this barren land; I am weak, but thou art

1. Guide me, O thou great Je - ho - vah, Pilgrim thro' this bar - ren land; I am weak, but

might - y, Hold me with thy power - ful hand. Bread of heav - en, Bread of heav - en,

thou art mighty, Hold me with thy powerful hand. Bread of heaven, Bread of heaven,

Feed me till I want no more, Feed me till I want no more; Want no more, Feed me till I want no more.

Feed me till I want no more,

p *cres.*

2 Open now the crystal fountain
 Whence the healing waters flow,
 Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
 Lead me all my journey through;
 Strong Deliverer, Strong Deliverer,
 Be thou still my strength and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordau,
 Bid my anxious fears subside;
 Bear me through the swelling current,
 Land me safe on Canaan's side:
 Songs of praises, Songs of praises
 I will ever give to thee.

Realms of the Blest.

43

1. We speak of the realms of the blest, That re-gion so bright and so fair, And oft are its glo-ries con-
 2. We speak of its freedom from sin, From sorrow, temptation, and care, From tri-als without and with-
 3. We speak of its serv-ice of love, The robes which the glorified wear, The Church of the first-born a-
 4. O Father! mid sorrow and woe, For heaven our spir-its prepare, And short-ly we al-so shall

fessed, But what must it be to be there, But what must it be to be there?
 in, But what must it be to be there, But what, etc.
 above, But what must it be to be there, But what, etc.
 know, And feel what it is to be there, And feel what it is to be there.

For the Infant Class.

Jesus bids us Shine.

T. C. O'KANE.

1. Je-sus bids us shine With a pure, clear light, Like a lit-tle can-dle, Burning in the night.
 2. Je-sus bids us shine, First of all for him; Well he sees and knows it If our light grows dim.
 3. Je-sus bids us shine, Then, for all a-round; Ma-ny kinds of darkness In the world abound.

In the world is darkness, So we must shine— You in your small corner, And I in mine.
 He looks down from heaven, To see us shine— You in your small corner, And I in mine.
 Sin, and want, and sor-row, So we must shine— You in your small corner, And I in mine.

*First Voice.**Second Voice.*

1. Hear you ev - er angels singing, As a - round the throne they shine? Yes, I of - ten hear them
2. Hear you ev - er in your slumbers, Songs from those who've gone before? Oh, how of - ten do I

Chorus.

chant-ing, Chanting hymns of love di-vine. Heaven's plains are just be-fore us, Just be-
hear them, Singing on the oth - er shore. Heaven's plains, etc.

eyond the shores of Time; Soon we'll join the mighty cho-rus, In that bright-er, bet-ter clime.

3 Do you ever feel like going
To that land so bright and fair?
Oh! how often would I gladly
Go and join the loved ones there.
Heaven's plains, etc.

4 Let us cherish, now and ever,
Glowing hopes of joys to come,
And when earthly ties we sever,
Meet in heaven, our happy home.
Heaven's plains, etc.

REMARK.—The 1st, 2d, and 3d stanzas should be sung by *Solo* voices, as marked, and the 4th stanza as a *Duet*, by the two voices.

1. { Let us work for the school with our hearts and our hands, Let it nev - er, no, nev - er de - cline;
For its prais - es are sung by the good in all lands, That are blessed with the Gos - pel di - vine.

Chorus.

Ral - ly, then, ral - ly, then, stand by the school; Why should it lan - guish and die?

Ral - ly, then, Ral - ly, then, stand by the school; Why should it lan - guish and die?

- 2 'Tis perfumed by the prayers, 'tis bedewed by the tears
Of the holy the active, the true;
They rejoiced at its hopes, and they mourned at its fears,
When its friends were but feeble and few.
- 3 Now the sunshine of favor illumines its path,
And the Church spreads above it her wing;

- 'Tis a source of her weal, 'tis a source of her worth,
And a gem in the crown of her King.
- 4 There are thousands now singing and shining above,
There are thousands now toiling below,
Who were melted and won by Immanuel's love,
As they heard in the school of his woe.

Keep to the Right.

From Bradbury's Fresh Laurels, by permission of Biglow and Main.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. March along togeth - er, Ev - er firm and true, Man-y eyes are watching, Taking note of you.

Pleasant winds or foul ones, Cloudy days or bright, Keep to the right, boys, Keep to the right, right.

2 Raise on high your banner,
That its folds may fly,
Like the wing of eagle
Sweeping to the sky.
If you wish to conquer
Every foe you fight,
Keep to the right, boys,
Keep to the right.

3 Of your heavenly Father
Strength and courage seek;
Swords are to no purpose,
If the heart be weak.
Every arm endowing
With a warrior's might,
Keep to the right, boys,
Keep to the right.

4 Love should be your motto,
Duty be your aim;
Ever "overcoming,"
Till a crown you claim.
For a fame undying,
Strive with all your might
Keep to the right, boys,
Keep to the right.

For the Infant Class.

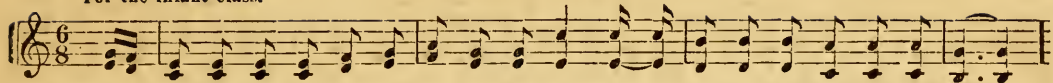
Jesus, high in Glory.

1. Je - sus, high in glo - ry, Lend a list'ning ear, When we bow be-fore thee, In - fant praises hear.
2. We are lit - tle children, Weak and apt to stray, Savior, guide and keep us In the narrow way.
3. Save us, Lord, from sinning, Watch us day by day; Help us now to love thee, Take our sins a - way.
4. Then when Je-sus calls us To our heavenly home, We will answer glad-ly, "Savior. Lord. we come"

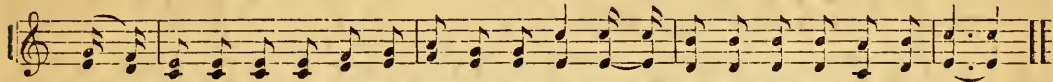
Jesus, precious Jesus.

47

for the Infant Class.

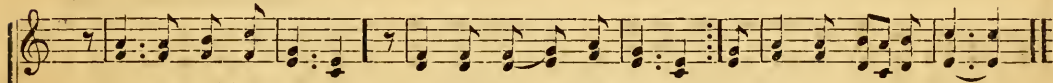


1. I think, when I read that sweet sto - ry of old, When Je - sus was here a - mong men,
2. I wish that his hands had been placed on my head, That his arms had been thrown around me;



How he called lit - tle chil - dren as lambs to his fold, I should like to have been with him then.
That I might have seen his kind looks when he said, "Let the lit - tle ones come un - to me."

Chorus.



Oh! we will love Je - sus, Je - sus, pre - cious Je - sus;
Oh! we will love Je - sus, We'll love him ev - er - more.



3 Yet still to his footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share in his love;
And if I thus earnestly seek him below,
I shall see him and hear him above.
Oh! we will love, etc.

4 In that beautiful place he has gone to prepare,
For all who are washed and forgiven;
And many dear children are gathering there—
"For of such is the kingdom of heaven."
Oh! we will love, etc

5 But thousands and thousands who wander and fall,
Never heard of that heavenly home;
I should like them to know there is room for them all,
And Jesus has bidden them to come.
Oh! we will love, etc.

6 I long for the joys of that glorious time,
The sweetest, and brightest, and best,
When the dear little children of every clime
Shall crowd to his arms and be blest.
Oh! we will love, etc.

1. Shall we meet no more to part, When the dream of life is o'er? Shall we mingle as of old, With the

loved ones gone before? In that land of perfect love, Sighs there not one aching heart, Can not death disturb our
D. S. Can not death, etc.

Chorus. D. S. f
bliss? Shall we meet no more to part? Shall we meet no more to part? Shall we meet no more to part?

2 Shall we meet no more to part,
When we get beyond the tide?
Every blossom that we mourned,
As it vanished from our side?
Every young and tender bud
Stricken down by death's cold dart,
Shall we clasp them in our arms,
Shall we meet no more to part?
Shall we meet no more to part,
Shall we clasp them in our arms, etc.

3 Shall we meet no more to part,
With our blessed Savior there?
With the saints and angels too,
In that world so bright and fair?
Shall we dare to love them all
With an overflowing heart?
Will they never leave our side,
Shall we meet no more to part?
Shall we meet no more to part,
Will they never leave us more, etc.

God is There.

German Air.

49

1. When o'er earth is breaking Ro - sy light and fair; Morn a - far proclaimeth Sweetly, "God is

there." When the spring is wreathing Flow - ers rich and rare; When the spring is wreathing Flow - ers rich and

rare; On each leaf is written, "Nature's God is there."

2 When the storm is howling
Through the midnight air,
Fearfully its thunder
Tells us "God is there."
All the wide world's treasures,
Rich or grand or fair,
In each feature beareth
Graven "God is there."

3 In the Sabbath-school room,
As we join in prayer,
Every falling accent
Tells us "God is there."
Kindly, teachers point us,
With regard and care,
To the heavenly mansions,
Saying, "God is there."

4 Let us learn those lessons,
Taught us every-where,
And if sin assail us,
Think that "God is there."
Then at last with angels
Ever bright and fair,
Singing glorious anthems,
We'll see "God is there."

"The Spirit and the Bride say, Come."

Arr. from the Scotch.

The first system of music consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff is in G major (one sharp) and 6/8 time. It features a melody with three asterisks (*) above it, indicating a specific rhythmic pattern. The bass staff provides a simple harmonic accompaniment. The music concludes with a double bar line.

1. Just as thou art, without one trace Of love, or joy, or inward grace, Or fitness for the heavenly place, O
 2. Burden'd with guilt, wouldst thou be blest? Trust not the world, it gives no rest; I bring relief to hearts oppress'd, O
 D. S. is athirst, may come, And

Chorus.

The chorus is written on a treble staff in G major and 6/8 time. It begins with a fermata over the first note. The melody is simple and repetitive. The music ends with a double bar line.

gully sinner, come. The Spirit and the Bride say, "Come," Let him that heareth echo "Come," And he who weary sinner, come. The Spirit and the Bride, etc.
 he who will, may come.

The second system of music continues the chorus on a bass staff. It includes three asterisks (*) above the staff and the marking 'D. S.' at the end. The music concludes with a double bar line.

The Little Pilgrim.

For the Infant Class.

From the "SINGING PILGRIM."

The first system of music is for the infant class, written on a treble staff in G major and 2/4 time. The melody is simple and consists of eighth and quarter notes. The music ends with a double bar line.

1. I'm a lit - tle pilgrim, And a stranger here; Tho' this world is pleasant, Sin is always near.
 2. Mine's a bet - ter country, Where there is no sin, Where the tones of sor - row Never enter in.
 3. But a little pilgrim Must have garments clean, Ere he'd wear the white robe, And with Christ be seen.
 4. Je - sus, hear and save me, Teach me to o - bey; Ho - ly Spir - it, guide me In the heavenly way.
 5. I'm a lit - tle pilgrim, And a stranger here; But my home in heav - en Cometh ever near.

Refrain.

The refrain is written on a treble staff in G major and 2/4 time. It features a simple melody of eighth and quarter notes. The music ends with a double bar line.

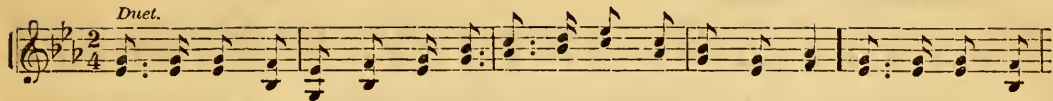
Jesus loves our pil grim band; He will lead us by the hand, Lead us to the better land, Happy home on high.

"Mother, tell me of the Angels."

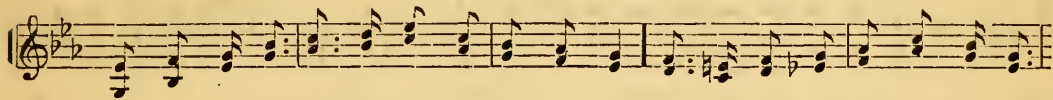
H. D. MUNSON.

51

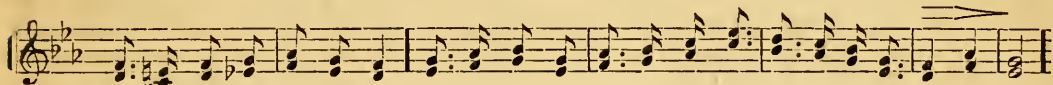
Duet.



1. Mother, tell me of the an-gels, Tell me of the joy-ous band; Tell me of their

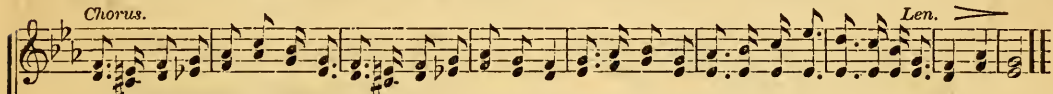


blessed em- ployment In the glo-rious spl- it land. Tell me, mother, where is father,

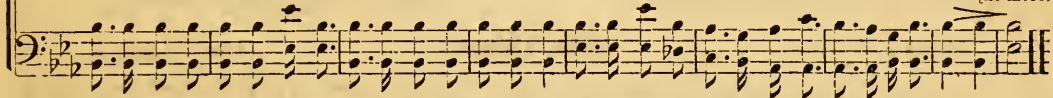


Is he on that bliss-ful shore, Where he said we'd dwell forev- er, And sad partings come no more?

Chorus.



Angels, blessed shining angels Soon will bear us to the shore, Where the wicked cease from troubling, And sad partings come
(no more.)



2 I am weary waiting, mother,
Long ago he went away,
And he said he'd bring back brother—
O, how sweetly we would play.
Mother, when I wake at morning,
Then I think dear father's near;
But I wait till twilight's coming
Still my father is not here.—*Cho.*

3 Mother, let us go and meet him
O'er the bounding billow's foam;
Yes, I know that we shall greet him
In the angels' heavenly home.
There we'll part again, O, never!
But with joy no tongue can tell,
We shall live together ever.
Where angelic spirits dwell —*Cho.*

Words by MARY E. STAINBURN.

Chorus.

1. { The Sunday-school is my de-light, O let us has - ten there; }
 { 'Tis there we learn the way that's right, And hear the voice of prayer. } I love the Sunday-school,

GIRLS. BOYS. ALL.

I love the Sun - day-school. So do I; So do I; We all love the Sun - day-school!

2 When Spring, with many an op'ning flower
 And blossom, decks the ground,
 When Summer's sun and gentle shower
 Spread beauty all around:

3 And when the cold and chilly blast
 Shall steal away the flowers,

When Winter's snow is falling fast,
 This joy shall still be ours.

4 Yes, if the sweetest flowers abound,
 Or earth is clothed in snow,
 In Sunday-school we will be found,
 For there we love to go.

For the Infant Class.

Little Things.

From the German.

1. Lit-tle drops of wa - ter, Lit - tle grains of sand, Make the mighty o - cean And the beauteous land.
 2 And the little moments,
 Humble though they be,
 Make the mighty ages
 Of eternity.
- 3 Little deeds of kindness,
 Little words of love,
 Make our earth an Eden,
 Like the heaven above.
- 4 Little deeds of mercy,
 Sown by youthful hands,
 Grow to bless the nations
 Far in heathen lands.

Will you Go?

Arranged for "Fresh Leaves."

52

1. { Will you go, sin - ner, go, To the highlands of hea - ven, }
 { Where the stormis never blow, And the long summer 's giv-en, } Where nosin nor dis-may, Neither
 D. C. Will be felt for a day, Nor be feared for the morrow?

D. C.

2 There the rivers of joy
 O'er the bright plains are flowing;
 And our bliss ne'er shall cloy!
 To that land we are going.
 Will you go, sinner, go,
 And the world leave behind you,
 Since its pleasures, you know,
 Have but dazzled to blind you?

3 Will you go to that land [you?
 Where your friends wait to greet
 There a beautiful band
 Join with us to entreat you;
 They are waiting above,
 Waiting, happy to hail you,
 In those regions above,
 Where no ill can assall you.

The Good Shepherd.

For the Infant Class.

German Melody.

1. Je - sus says that we must love him, Help - less as the lambs are we, But he ver - y kind - ly tells us
 2. Gen - tle Shep - herd, deign to watch us, Guard us both by night and day; Pit - y show to lit - tle chil - dren,
 3. We are al - ways prone to wan - der, Grant to keep us from each snare; Teach our in - fant hearts to praise thee

Chorus. *Repeat softly.*

That our Shephrd he will be. Je - sus our Sav - ior and gen - tle Shep - herd, Help us to fol - low thee ev - ery day.
 Who like lambs too oft - en stray. Je - sus our Sav - ior, etc.
 For thy kind - ness and thy care. Je - sus our Sav - ior, etc.

"If we Knew." Solo or Quartet.*

Words by Mrs. E. H. GATES, author of "Your Mission."

T. C. O'KANE.

1. { If we knew when walking thoughtless Thro' the crowded, noisy way,
That some pearl of wondrous whiteness - Close beside our pathway lay,

We would pause, when now we hasten, We would oft-en look a - round, Lest our careless feet should

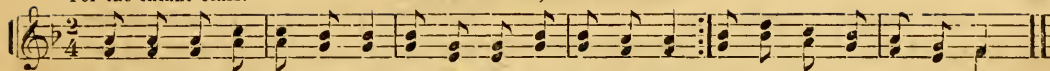
Ritard.
trample Some rare Jew - el in the ground.

2 If we knew when genius struggled
Through the weary nights and days,
Sighing for some word of comfort,
Little word of hope and praise;
Boughs of balm and leaves of laurel
We would place within their hands,
Little deeds with pleasant meanings,
Hungry hearts can understand.

3 If we knew when friends around us,
Closely press to say, "Good-by,"
Which among the lips that kiss us,
First should 'neath the daisies lie;
We would throw our arms around them,
Looking on them through our tears;
Tender words of love eternal
We would whisper in their ears.

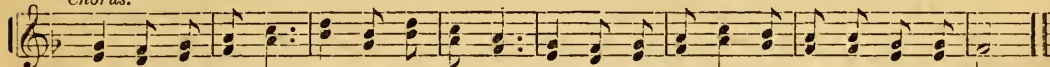
4 If we knew! alas, and do we
Ever care or seek to know,
Whether bitter herbs or roses,
In our neighbor's garden grow?
Better far along life's pathway,
Keep this "golden rule" in view
"You should always care for others,
As you 'd have them care for you."

* Published by J. L. PETERS, New York, as a Solo, with Piano accompaniment.



1. Je - sus, Sa - vior, pit - y me, Hear me when I cry to thee;
I've a ver - y wick - ed heart, Full of sin in ev - ery part.

Chorus.



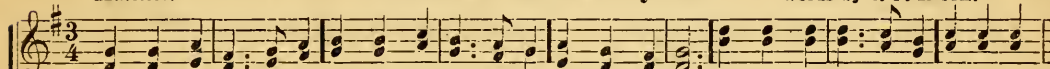
Dear Je - sus, hear me; Dear Je - sus, hear me; Dear Je - sus, hear me; Oh, lis - ten to my prayer!

- | | | |
|---|---|---|
| 2 I can never make it good; Wilt thou wash me in thy blood? Jesus, Savior, pity me, Hear me when I pray to thee. | 3 When I try to do thy will, Sin is in my bosom still, And I soon do something bad; Then my heart is dark and sad. | 4 Now I come to thee for aid, All my hope on thee is stayed; Thou hast bled and died for me, I will give myself to thee. |
|---|---|---|

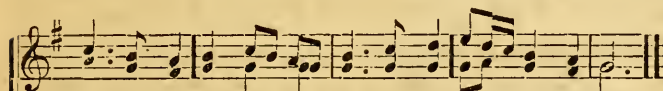
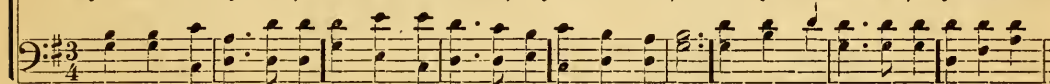
Maestoso.

America.—National Hymn.

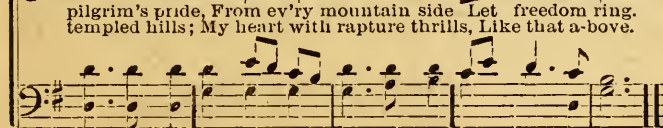
Words by S. F. SMITH.



1. My coun - try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of liber - ty, Of thee I sing; Land where my fathers died, Land of the
2. My native country! thee, Land of the noble free, Thy name I love; I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and



pilgrim's pride, From ev'ry mountain side Let freedom ring.
templed hills; My heart with rapture thrills, Like that a - bove.



- 3 Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.
- 4 Our fathers' God, to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright,
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King.

Our Sabbath Home.

Words by MARY B. C. SLADE.

PHILIP PHILLIPS. From The Singing Pilgrim.

1. We love the sun - ny days of spring, With ear - ly buds and birds and flowers, But most we love when
2. We love to learn all through the week The things that make us good and wise, But most we love those

Chorus. Allegro.

Sun - day brings Of Sab - bath-school the hap - py hours. Sweet Sun-day-school, our Sab - bath home,
truths to seek That light our pathway to the skies. Sweet Sun-day-school, etc.

Rit. pp *Allegretto.*

Sabbath home, "Home, sweet home;" Dear Sunday-school, our "Home, sweet home," Our beautiful Sabbath home.

3 We love the stories of the brave,
The noble men who earth have trod,
But more to hear of Him who gave
His life to bring us up to God.—*Cho.*

4 We may not climb fair Olivet,
Nor roam the pleasant Jordan near,
But he who there the children met,
Will surely come to meet us here.—*Cho.*

1. Stand up for the truth all your life-time, And nev-er be tempt-ed a-way;
 CHORUS. up for the truth all your life-time, And nev-er be tempt-ed a-way;

Stand firm in your du-ty, though oth-ers May seek you to lead you a-stray;
 Stand up for the truth all your life-time, A hea-ven-ly crown you will win.

D. C. Chorus. ♩
 Stand firm, tho' com-pan-ions a-round you Are yield-ing to er-ror and sin;
 Stand firm, and when this life is o-ver, A hea-ven-ly crown you will win. *Stand*

2 Stand up for the truth without falter,
 Though pathways of sin may look bright,
 Yet sooner or later they'll plunge you
 In misery, "darkness and night;"
 Stand firm, though the tempter revile you;
 Stand firm, like the oak in the wood;
 No matter what ill may beguile you,
 Stand up for the true and the good.

3 Stand up for the truth! be in earnest,
 Whatever you say or you do,
 For this is the noblest of lessons
 The Bible is teaching to you.
 Stand firm all your days, for hereafter
 Oh, sweet are the joys you will share
 Stand firm, and your heavenly Father
 Will keep you forever in care.

The Harp of Gold.

From "Golden Hours."

1. The chil-dren dear who love to pray, And read the Bi - ble, too, Shall rise a - bove the
 2. The sun that lights the world shall fade, The stars shall pass a - way, But chil-dren, all im-
 3. Look up, then, chil - dren, see that star Which shines so bright-ly there, But you shall bright - er

sky one day, And sing as an - gels do. Shall live in heaven, that world a-
 mor-tal made, Shall wit - ness their de - cay. They who their Sa - - vior here a-
 shine by far, When in that world so fair. A harp of gold you each shall

1. Shall live in heaven, that world a - bove, Shall live in heaven, that
 2. They who their Sav - ior here a - dore, They who their Sav - ior
 3. A harp of gold you each shall have, A harp of gold you

bove, Where all is joy and peace and love.
 dore, Shall live with him for ev - - - and love.
 have, And sing the power of Christ to save, more.
 And sing the power of Christ to save.

world a - bove, Where all is joy and peace and love.
 here a - dore, Shall live with him for ev - er - more, Shall live with him for ev - er - more.
 each shall have, And sing the power of Christ to save, And sing the power of Christ to save.

Beautiful World.

T. C. O'KANE.

59

1. There is a beau-ti-ful world, Where saints and an-gels sing, A world where peace and
2. There is a beau-ti-ful world, Where sor-rows nev-er come; A world where tears shall

Chorus.

pleas-ure reign, And heavenly prais-es ring. We'll be there, we'll be there, Palms of vic-t'ry,
nev-er fall, In sigh-ing for our home. We'll be there, etc.

crowns of glo-ry, We shall wear, we shall wear, In that beau-ti-ful world on high.

3 There is a beautiful world,
Unseen to mortal sight;
And darkness never enters there,
For God is e'er its light
We'll be there etc

4 There is a beautiful world
Of harmony and love;
Oh, may we safely enter there,
And dwell with God above!
We'll be there, etc.

1. Life is but a fleet - ing dream, On - ly strang - ers here we roam; Life is but a
2. Here we feel the temp - ter's power, Here we sigh for liv - ing - bread; Clouds of gloom and

change - ful scene, Yon - der is the Christ - ian's home. Just beyond the roll - ing tide, An - gels watch us
dark - ness lower, While a rug - ged path we tread. There no cruel thorns are found, Doubt and fear and

on the shore, Where the pearl - y wa - ters glide, And the wea - ry thirst no more.
storms are o'er, There the fruits of joy a - bound, We shall hun - ger there no more.

3 Here we breathe the sultry air
Of a lonely desert plain;
Trials here the heart must bear,
Worn by sickness, racked with pain.
There the waves of death are passed,
There, among the pure and blest,
Safely anchored home at last,
There our wandering feet shall rest.

4 Here our fondest hopes are brief,
Kindred ties are broken here;
Morning brings a night of grief,
Joy is mingled with a tear.
There shall faith be lost in sight,
There a long eternal day,
Christ the Lamb shall be the Light,
He will wipe our tears away

Father, take my Hand.

H. D. MUNSON.

61

1. The way is dark, my Father! cloud on cloud Is | gathering thickly o'er my head, and }
 loud The thunders - - - } roar a-bove me.

2. The day goes fast, my Father! and my soul Is | drawing darkly down, My faithless }
 sight sees - - - } ghostly visions.

See, I stand like one bewildered, | Father! take my hand, And thro' the gloom Lead safely home Thy child.
 Fears, a spectral band, encompass me, O | Father! take my hand, And from the night Lead up to light, Thy child.

3 The path is rough, my Father! Many a thorn
 Has | pierced me; and my weary feet, all torn
 And bleeding, | mark the | way. | Yet thy command
 Bids me press forward. | Father! take my hand,
 Then, safe and blest,
 Lead up to rest
 Thy child.

4 The cross is heavy, Father! I have borne
 It | long, and still do bear it. Let my worn
 And fainting | spirit | rise | to that blest land
 Where crowns are given. | Father! take my hand,
 And reaching down,
 Lead to the crown,
 Thy child.

1. When we hear the mu - sic ring - ing, In the bright celes - tial dome,
When sweet angel voic - es sing - ing, Gladly bid us wel - come home,

To the land of ancient sto - ry, Where the spirit knows no care,
In that land of light and glo - ry, We shall know each other there.

We shall know each oth - er, We shall know each oth - er, We shall know each oth - er, We shall know each other there.

We shall know each other there.

2 When the holy angels meet us,
As we go to join their band,
We shall know the friends that greet us
In the glorious spirit land;
We shall see the same eyes shining
On us, as in days of yore;
We shall feel their dear arms twining
Fondly round us as before.

3 Oh, ye weary, sad, and tossed ones,
Droop not, faint not by the way;
Ye shall join the loved and lost ones
In the land of perfect day!
Harp-strings touched by angel fingers,
Murmur in my raptured ear;
Evermore their sweet song lingers
"We shall know each other there."

Semi-Chorus.

"Are they not all ministering spirits?"

1. In yon - der world of glo - ry, With-in its mansions fair,
A host of shin-ing an - gels Will greet our en-trance there.

Chorus.

With song they'll bid us welcome home, With song they'll bid us welcome home, All heav'n will ring, As the an-gels sing,

CODA AD LIB.

And bid us welcome home; Welcome home! Welcome home! Welcome home!

2 But ere we reach its portals,
Its untold glories see,
They wing their flight from
heaven,
To bear us company.
With song, etc.

3 Our Father kindly sends them,
Amid earth's countless snares
"To minister unceasing,
For all salvation's Leirs."
With song, etc.

4 They watch around our footsteps
Whatever may betide:
In all our care and sorrow,
They're ever at our side.

5 And when we've passed the valley
And shadow of the tomb,
They'll strike their harps celestial,
And bid us "Welcome home!"

For all.

1ST END. 2D END.

1. { Happy angels still you dwell In yon land of glory
And in joyous anthems swell Love's redeeming story. } Shining multitudes! ye came
D. C. *Still your song is just the same, Glo-ry, glo-ry, glo-ry!* } Our Redeemer to proclaim,

2 Angels sing again with man,
Swell our strain of glory,
Shout with us the wondrous plan,
Love's redeeming story.
Soon our stay on earth shall fail,
Soon shall drop the mortal veil,
Then in song and voice we 'll hail,
Glory, glory, glory!

3 Christ our Lord, the *theme*, the *song*—
Then no more the stranger,
Welcomed by the shining throng,
In the lowly manger.
Robed in peerless majesty.
Soon our eyes shall also see,
Then we 'll sing, " 'Tis He, 'tis He!"
Glory, glory, glory!

For the Infant Class. T. O. O'KANE.

Christmas Song.

H. G. NAGELLI.

1. Si - lent - ly the shepherds O'er their flocks were watching, On Ju - de - a's plains,
2. "Great and glo - rious tid - ings Lo! I come to bring you, All ye sons of men;

When there came from hea - ven God's own shin - ing an - gel, Sing - ing joy - ful strains.
For you, in a man - ger, This day is a Sav - lor Born in Beth - le - hem."

Then a host of angels
Jane and joined in chorus,
"Glory be to God,
Glory in the highest,
Peace on earth forever,
And good will to mau."

4 Hall! then, blessed Jesus,
Christ, the Great Anointed,
Prophet, Priest, and King.
Send the joyful tidings
Unto every nation—
Men and angels sing.

5 On this blessed morning
Worship we our Savior,
And adoring cry,
"Glory in the highest,
Glory, glory, glory
Be to God 'most high."

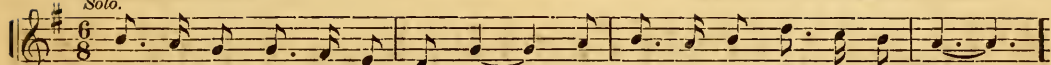
O say, shall We meet You all There?

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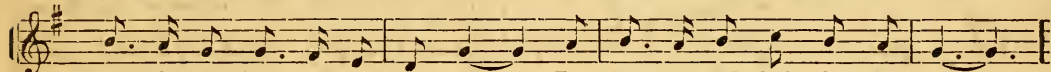
Words by MINNIE WATERS.

S. J. VAIL. From Musical Leaves.

Solo.



1. Where do you jour - ney, my broth - er, O, where do you jour - ney, I pray?
 2. What is your mis - sion, my broth - er, What is your mis - sion be - low?
 3. O, yes! you will meet us, my broth - er, God help - ing our weak - ness and sin;

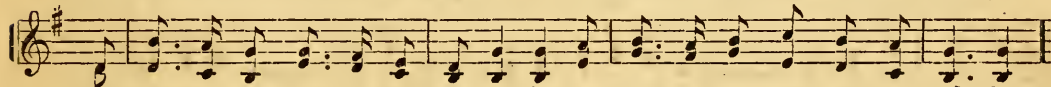


Where do you jour - ney, my sis - ter? For storm - y and dark is the way.
 What is your mis - sion, my sis - ter, As jour - ney - ing on - ward you go?
 Bear - ing the cross, we, my sis - ter, The crown will en - dea - vor to win.

Duet.

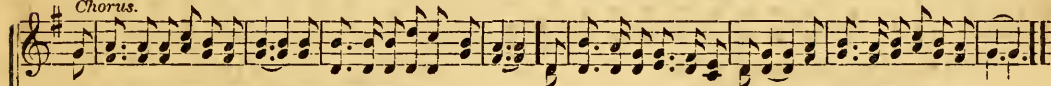


We're jour - ney - ing on - ward to Ca - naan, Through suff'ring, and tri - als, and care,
 Our mis - sion is prac - tic - ing mer - cy, Sweet char - i - ty, pa - tience, and love,
 We'll walk through the vale and the shad - ow, Through suff'ring, and tri - als, and care,

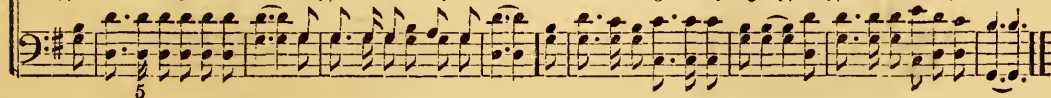


And when we get safe - ly to glo - ry, O say, shall we meet you all there?
 And following the foot - steps of Je - sus, That lead to the mansions a - bove.
 And when you get safe - ly to glo - ry, You'll meet, yes, you'll meet us all there!

Chorus.



O say, shall we meet you all there? O say, shall we meet you all there? And when we get safely to glory, O say, shall we meet you all there?



Waiting at the Door.

Words by Mrs. KATE M. REASONER.

From "Golden Hours."

1. I am waiting for the Master, Who will rise and bid me come To the glo - ry of his presence, To the
2. Many a weary path I've traveled In the darkest storm and strife, Bearing many a heavy burden, Often

Chorus.

gladness of his home. They are watch - - - ing at the portal, They are wait - - - ing at the
struggling for my life. They are watching, they are watching at the portal, They are waiting, they are waiting at the

door; Waiting on - - - ly for my coming, All the loved - - - ones gone before.
door; Waiting only, waiting only for my coming, All the loved ones, All the loved ones gone before.

3 Many friends that traveled with me
Reached that portal long ago;
One by one they left me battling
With the dark and crafty foe.
But they're watching, etc.

4 Yes, their pilgrimage was shorter,
And their triumphs sooner won;
O, how lovingly they'll greet me
When the toils of life are done.
For they're watching, etc.

5 O, how soon shall I be with them,
And shall join their glorions throng;
There to mingle in their worship,
And to swell their mighty song.
Yes, they're watching, etc.

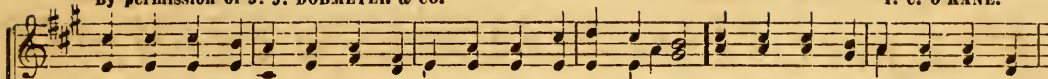
6 Yet, O Lord, I wait thy pleasure,
For thy time and ways are best:
Hear me, Lord, for I am weary,
O, my Father, bid me rest.
They are watching, etc.

"Strike for Jesus."*

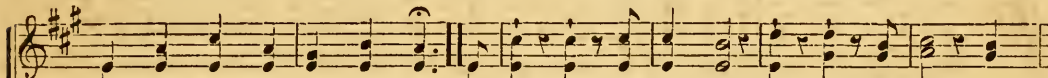
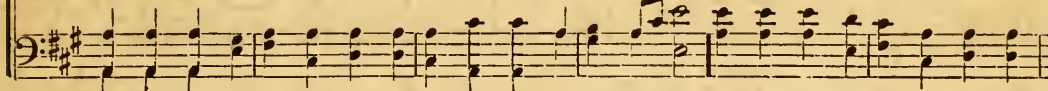
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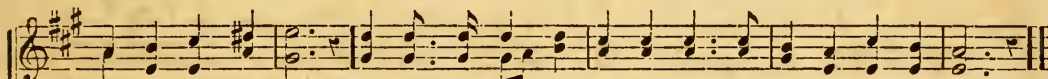
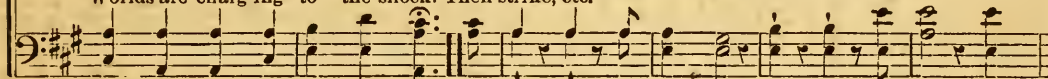
T. C. O'KANE.



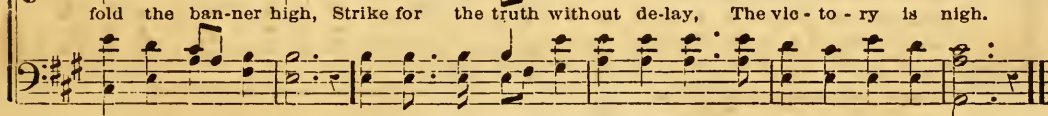
1. We are liv-ing, we are dwelling in a grand and awful time, In an age on ag-es tell-ing,
2. Hark, the on-set! will you fold your Faith-clad arms in la-zy lock? Up! oh, up! thou drowsy sol-dier.



To be liv-ing is sub-lime. Then strike, strike for Je-sus! Strike, strike to-day! Un-
Worlds are charg-ing to the shock. Then strike, etc.



fold the ban-ner high, Strike for the truth without de-lay, The vic-to-ry is nigh.



3 Worlds are charging, heaven beholding,
Thou hast but an hour to fight;
On the blazoned cross unfolding,
On, right onward for the right!

4 On! let all the soul within you
For the truth's sake go abroad;
Strike! let every nerve and sinew
Till on ages, tell for God!

* Published in sheet music form, with piano accompaniment, at 30 cents per copy.

1. "Re-mem - ber thy Cre - a - tor," Now in thy youthful days, And he will guide thy footsteps Thro'
 2. O come in life's gay morn-ing, Ere in thy sun-ny way The flowers of hope have withered, And

life's un - cer - tain maze. This earth is not a ha - ven, Where we may find our
 sor - row end thy day. This earth is not, etc.

rest, We'll pray to be for - giv - en, And fly to Je - sus' breast.

2 "Remember thy Creator,"
 He calls in tones of love,
 And offers deathless glories
 In brighter worlds above.

4 And when life's storm is over,
 And thou from earth art free,
 Thy God will be thy portion
 Throughout eternity.

"No man, having put his hand to the plow, and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God."

1. Cour - age, bro - ther, do not stum - ble, Though thy path be dark as night;
2. Let the road be rough and drea - ry, And its end far out of sight,

Rit.

There's a star to guide the hum - ble, "Trust in God, and do the right."
Foot it brave - ly! strong or wea - ry, "Trust in God, and do the right."

Rit.

Do the right, Do the right, "Trust in God, and do the right."

Do the right,

Do the right,

3 Simple rule, and safest guiding,
Inward peace, and inward might,
Star upon our path abiding,
"Trust in God, and do the right."
Do the right, etc.

4 Some will hate thee, some will love thee,
Some will flatter, some will slight;
Cease from man, and look above thee,
"Trust in God, and do the right."
Do the right, etc.

There's a Song the Angels sing.

R. D. MUNSON.

1. There's a song the au - gels sing, And its notes with rapture ring Round the throne whose radiance fills the heavens above;

Soli. *Tutti. ff* *p*
Shepherds heard the distant strain, Watching on Ju - de-a's plain, "Glo - ry be to God, to men be peace and love."

Chorus.
Through the earth and through the sky Let the anthem ever fly: Peace, good-will to men, And glo-ry be to God on high.

2 'T is a song for children too;
To the Savior 't is their due;
Let its grateful notes ascend to him again;
Join with angels in their song,
And the heavenly strain prolong,
Glory be to God, good-will and peace to men.—*Cho.*

3 Soon around that throne may we
With those happy angels be,
Striking harps to strains that never more shall cease;
Mingling love with loftiest praise,
Still the chorus there we'll raise:
Glory be to God, to man be peace and love.—*Cho.*

"We have all a Work to do."

Solo, Quartet, or Chorus.

Words by FANNY CROSBY.

1. God, who gave us each a tal - ent, To employ it gave command; If we hide it in a napkin,

He will claim it at our hand. Let us, then, be up and do-ing, Keeping still this truth in view,

Though our path be e'er so hum-ble, We have all a work to do, We have all a work to do. *Rit.*

2 With the heralds of the Gospel,
If we can not bear a part,
We can drop a word of kindness
That may reach some careless heart.
We may touch a chord of feeling
Guilt and sin have lulled to sleep;
To the blessed fold of Jesus
We may bring some wand'ring sheep.

4 If, among the older people,
We may not be apt to teach,
"Feed my lambs," said Christ our Shepherd,
Place the food within their reach,
And it may be that the children
You have led with trembling hand,
Will be found among your jewels,
When you reach the better land.

4 These are precious, golden moments,
Kindly lent us to improve;
Are we faithful to our calling,
Earnest in our work of love—
Ever at our post of duty
Wheresoe'er our call may be?
Let our lamps be trimmed and burning,
And the world their glory see

The Dearest Name.

words by FANNY CRUSBY, expressly for - Fresh Leaves.

T. O. O'KANE.

1. { We joy-fully wake our choral lay, And lift our hearts in love;
 { No name on earth is half so dear, As the name of Christ a - bove.

In mer-cy now he bids us come, O, hear his voice di - vine; } Blessed is he, faithful and true,
 His precious word our lamp shall be, Its light shall ev-er shine. } Blessed is he so good and true,

Chorus.

Joy - ful-ly, joy - ful-ly sing, He is our Shepherd, his lambs are we, Jesus our Savior and King.

2 Dear Jesus, we come to learn of thee,
 O, guide us day by day!
 Our life is but a fleeting dream,
 And it soon will pass away.

With joy we wake our choral lay,
 And lift our hearts in love;
 We soon shall join a nobler strain,
 With angel choirs above.—*Chorus.*

Come join our Band.

From Musical Leaves.

73

Lively.

1. We're marching to the promised land, A land all fair and bright; Come join our hap - py,
2. The Sav - lor feeds his lit - tle flock, His grace is free - ly given; The liv - ing wa - ter

Chorus.
youth - ful band, And seek the plains of light. O! come and join our youth - ful band, Our
from the rock, And dai - ly bread from heaven. O! come and join, etc.

songs and triumphs share; We soon shall reach the promised land, And rest for - ev - er there.

3 In that bright land no sin is found,
But all are happy there,
And happy, youthful voices join
In the angelic choir.—*Chorus.*

4 Our teachers kind point out the way,
And guide our feet aright,
To the bright realms of endless day,
Where Jesus is the light.—*Chorus*

1. Hark the Sab - bath bell, Sound we love so well, List, the Sab - bath
Hark, the Sab - bath bell, Sound we love so well;

bell is ring - ing, Prayers of thousands now are wing - ing Up to heaven their si - lent way;

Let us haste with - out de - lay, To the Sab - bath - School a - way.

2 'Tis a blessed hour: Oft we've felt its power;
'Tis an hour of happy meeting,
But the time is short and fleeting,
When we meet for praise and prayer;
Let us, then, be early there,
On this morning, bright and fair.

3 Oh, then, come away, On this holy day;
Children, haste, the bells are ringing,
Thousands now are joined in singing;
Let us swell the mighty song
Of the joyous, happy throng,
And the cheerful strains prolong.

1. We are on the deep, we are sail - ing to our home, In the land be - yond the shores of time,

Where the wea - ry rest, and no sor - rows ev - er come, In that bright - er, bet - ter, hap - pier clime.
D. S. "We will stand the storm," we will safe at an - chor ride, In the port on Cu - naan's peaceful shore.

Chorus. D. S.

In the old ship Zi - on we are sail - ing on the tide, Tho' the waves may dash and bil - lows roar,

2 We are on the deep, and our Father's at the helm,
So we never, never need to fear;
Tho' the tempests rage, there is naught can overwhelm
Those who for the port of glory steer.

3 We are on the deep—see our sails how full they swell!
And our standard floating proudly high,
'Tis the blood-stained banner of King Immanuel;
We will sail beneath it—"live or die."

4 We are on the deep—we are near the golden strand;
Lo, the glitt'ring domes of heaven appear!
See! along the shore angels and our loved ones stand;
And their song of welcome, hark! we hear.

5 Are you on the deep? in the sinners bark so frail?
You will perish—leave without delay—
Come on board with us, and at once for glory sail,
And be saved while you are called to-day.

There's a Crown for the Young.

From Happy Voices.

Rev. A. GRALEY.

1. { I know there's a crown for the saints of renown, And for saints whose good deeds are unsung; }
 { But, oh, say, is it true, if their days are but few, }

Chorus.

That a crown is laid up for the young. Yes, yes, yes, I know there's a crown for the young,

If their lives daily prove that the Sav-ior they love, I know there's a crown for the young.

2 The youthful shall stand in that beautiful land
 And the song of salvation shall sing,
 And the infant of days strike its harp in the praise
 Of Immanuel, Its Savior and King.

3 Then be it your care for that world to prepare;
 Bear the cross that the crown may be yours;
 Never tire in the road that leads upward to God.
 For the crown is for him that endures

Savior, Hear Us.

Gently.

1. Je - sus Christ our Lord and Savior, Who hast bid us come to thee,
 Now ex-tend to us thy fa-vor, Though unworthy we may be; Bless-ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus

Hear us when we pray to thee; Bless - ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus, Hear us when we pray to thee.

2 Lord, to-day we ask thy blessing,
 Send thy holy spirit down;
 May we all, our sins confessing,
 Thee our Lord and Savior own.
 Blessed Jesus,
 Hear us now before thy throne.

3 O that we, to whom 't is given
 Here to join in praise and prayer,
 May around thy throne in heaven
 Meet, and none be missing there.
 Blessed Jesus,
 Hear, oh hear, our earnest prayer.

SECOND HYMN TO "SAVIOR, HEAR US."

1 Savior, at thy footstool bending,
 We, a youthful band, appear;
 May our grateful songs, ascending,
 Reach and please thy gracious ear;
 Thus to praise thee,
 Make and keep our hearts sincere.

2 No harsh words of indignation
 Drive this little flock from thee;
 Gentle is thy invitation,

"Suffer them to come to me."
 Dearest Savior,
 Let us each thy kingdom see.

3 Take us, then, thou kind Protector,
 Keep us by thy watchful care;
 Be our Shepherd, Friend, Director,
 In thy arms of mercy bear;
 Guide to glory,
 We shall dwell in safety there.

Dare to do Right and be True!

Words by Rev. G. LANSING TAYLOR.

T. C. O'KANE.

1. Dare to do right! dare to be true! You have a work that no other can do; Do it so bravely, so

Chorus.

kind-ly, so well, An-gels will has-ten the sto-ry to tell. Dare, dare to do right!
Dare, dare, dare to do right!

1st time.

2d time.

Dare, dare to be true!
Dare, dare, dare to be true! Dare to do right and be true! Dare to do right and be true!

2 Dare to do right! dare to be true!
Other men's failures can never save you;
Stand by your conscience, your honor, your faith;
Stand like a hero, and battle till death.

3 Dare to do right! dare to be true!
God, who created you, cares for you too;
Treasures the tears that his striving ones shed,
Counts and protects every hair of your head.

4 Dare to do right! dare to be true!
Keep the great judgment-seat always in view;
Look at your work as you'll look at it then—
Scanned by Jehovah, and angels, and men.

5 Dare to do right! dare to be true!
Jesus, your Savior, will carry you through;
City, and mansion, and throne all in sight,
Can you not dare to be true and do right?

We shall Meet again.

79

Words by Miss ANNIE E. HOWE.

From Musical Leaves.

1. We shall meet beyond the riv - er, We shall meet, we shall meet; Where the flowers are blooming

ev - er, We shall meet a - gain. Where the tree of life is grow - ing, And the fragrant breezes

Ritard.

blow - ing, Where the heaven - ly light is glow - ing, We shall meet a - gain.

2 We shall meet who've long been parted,
We shall meet, we shall meet;
All the sad and weary hearted,
We shall meet again.
There no gloomy cloud of sorrow
Shall disturb the bright to-morrow,
But sweet peace we e'er shall borrow
We shall meet again.

3 Little children in white raiment,
We shall meet, we shall meet;
On that shining, golden pavement,
We shall meet again.
No rude hand there us shall sever,
There we'll dwell and sing forever,
By that crystal, flowing river.
We shall meet again.

Oh, how I Love Jesus!

1. How sweet the name of Je - sus sounds, In a be - liev - er's ear; It
 2. It makes the wound - ed spir - it whole, And calms the troub - led breast; 'Tis

Chorus.

soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds, And drives away his fear. Oh, how I love Je - sus,
 man - na to the hun - gry soul, And to the wea - ry rest. Oh, how I love, etc.

Oh, how I love Je - sus, Oh, how I love Je - sus, Be - cause he first loved me.

3 Dear Name, the rock on which I build—
 My shield and hiding-place,
 My never-failing treasure filled
 With boundless stores of grace.
 Oh, how I love, etc.

4 I would thy boundless love proclaim,
 With ev'ry fleeting breath;
 So shall the music of thy name
 Refresh my soul in death.
 Oh, how I love, etc.

Millennial Glory.

Chorus. Spirited.

1. Re-joice, re-joyce, the promised time is com-ing, Re-joice, re-joyce, the Prince of Peace shall reign ;

D. C. Chorus.

And Zion's children then shall sing, The deserts all are blossoming. The gospel banner, wide unfurl'd, Shall

D. C. Chorus.

wave in triumph o'er the world, And every creature, bond and free, Shall hail the glorious ju - bl - lee.

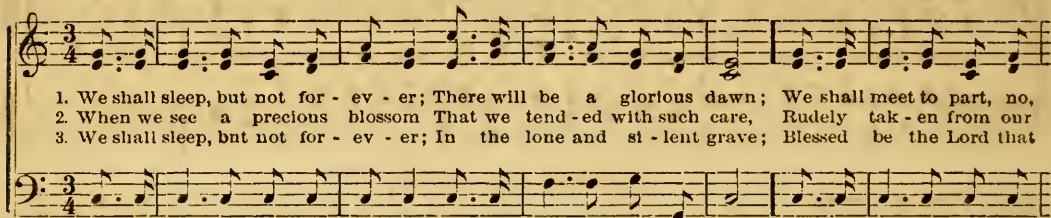
2 Rejoice, rejoice, the promised time is coming,
 Rejoice, rejoice, the Prince of Peace shall reign ;
 From Zion shall the law go forth,
 And all shall hear, from south to north ;
 Rejoice, rejoice, etc. ;
 And truth shall sit on every hill,
 And blessings flow in every rill,
 And praise shall every heart employ,
 And every voice shall shout with joy ;
 Rejoice, rejoice, etc.

3 Rejoice, rejoice, the promised time is coming,
 Rejoice, rejoice, the Prince of Peace shall reign ;
 And lambs shall with the leopard play,
 For naught shall harm in Zion's way :
 Rejoice, rejoice, etc.
 The sword and spear, of needless worth,
 Shall prune the tree and plow the earth,
 And peace shall smile from shore to shore,
 And nations learn to war no more ;
 Rejoice, rejoice, etc.

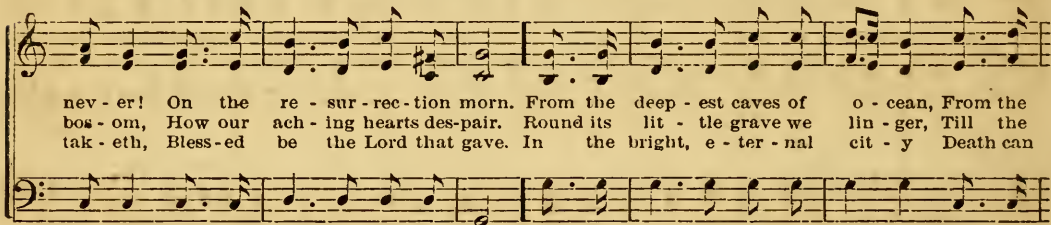
We shall Sleep, but not Forever.

Words by MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

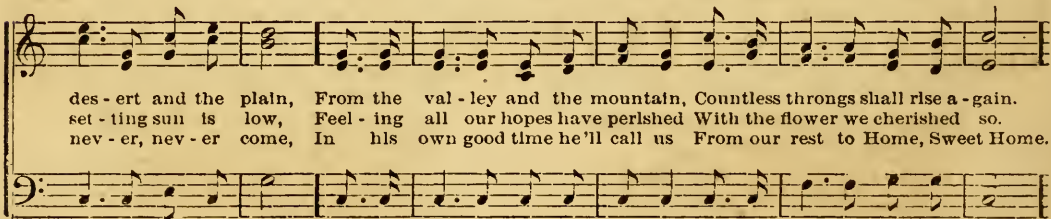
S. J. VAIL. From Musical Leaves.



1. We shall sleep, but not for - ev - er; There will be a glorious dawn; We shall meet to part, no,
 2. When we see a precious blossom That we tend - ed with such care, Rudely tak - en from our
 3. We shall sleep, but not for - ev - er; In the lone and si - lent grave; Blessed be the Lord that

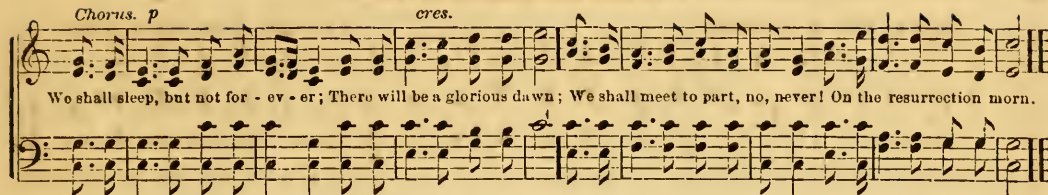


nev - er! On the re - sur - rec - tion morn. From the deep - est caves of o - cean, From the
 bos - om, How our ach - ing hearts des - pair. Round its lit - tle grave we lin - ger, Till the
 tak - eth, Bless - ed be the Lord that gave. In the bright, e - ter - nal cit - y Death can



des - ert and the plain, From the val - ley and the mountain, Countless throngs shall rise a - gain.
 set - ting sun is low, Feel - ing all our hopes have perished With the flower we cherished so.
 nev - er, nev - er come, In his own good time he'll call us From our rest to Home, Sweet Home.

Chorus. p *cres.*

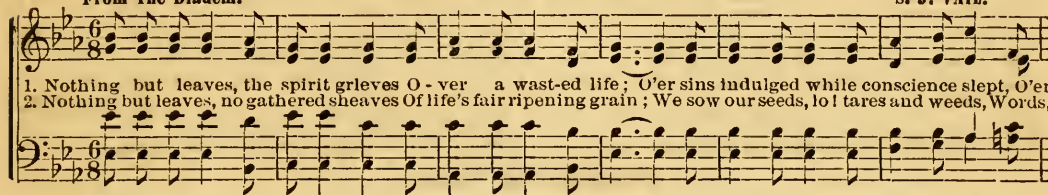


We shall sleep, but not for - ev - er; There will be a glorious dawn; We shall meet to part, no, never! On the resurrection morn.

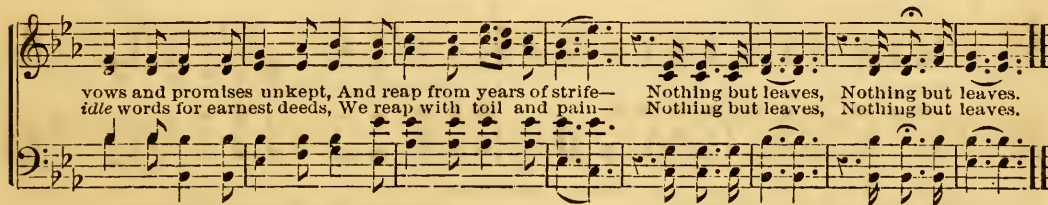
Nothing but Leaves.

From The Diadem.

S. J. VAIL.



1. Nothing but leaves, the spirit grieves O - ver a wast-ed life; O'er sins indulged while conscience slept, O'er
2. Nothing but leaves, no gathered sheaves Of life's fair ripening grain; We sow our seeds, lo! tares and weeds, Words,



vows and promises unkept, And reap from years of strife— Nothing but leaves, Nothing but leaves.
idle words for earnest deeds, We reap with toil and pain— Nothing but leaves, Nothing but leaves.

3 Nothing but leaves sad memory weaves;
No veil to hide the past,
And as we trace our weary way,
Counting each lost and misspent day
Sadly we find at last—
Nothing but leaves, etc.

4 Ah! who shall thus the Master meet,
Bearing but withered leaves?
Ah! who shall at the Savior's feet,
Before the awful judgment seat
Lay down for golden sheaves—
Nothing but leaves, etc.



- 1 'T is not for man to trifle! Life is brief and | sin is | here. 4 Our sorrows are no phantom of the night, no | idle | tale
Our age is but the falling of a leaf—a | dropping | tear. No cloud that flits along the sky of light on | summer |
We have no time to sport a- | way the | hours, They are the true reali- | ties of | earth, [gale
All must be earnest in a world like ours. Friends and companions even from our blrth.
- 2 Not many lives, but only one have we, one, | only | one! 5 O life below! how brief, and poor, and sad! One |
How sacred should that one life ever be—that | narrow | heavy | sigh.
span! O life above! how long, how fair and glad! One | end-
Day after day filled up with | blessed | toil, O! to be done with daily | dying | here; [less | joy.
Hour after hour still bringing in new spoil. O! to begin the living in yon sphere!
- 3 Our being is no shadow of thin air, no | vacant | 6 O day of time, how dark! O sky and earth, how | dull
dream, your | hue! [fair and | new!
No fable of the things that never were, but | only | seem. O day of Christ, how bright! O sky and earth, made |
'Tis full of meaning as of | myste- | ry, Come, better Eden, with thy | fresher | green;
Though strange and solemn may that meaning be. Come, brighter Salem, gladden all the scene.

Thanksgiving Chant.

* 1ST RESPONSE CHORUS. * 2D RESPONSE CHORUS. ALL.

Musical score for the Thanksgiving Chant. It features two staves (treble and bass clef) and two choruses. The first chorus is marked with an asterisk and the second with an asterisk and 'ALL'. The lyrics are: 'For his mercy en-dur-eth forev-er.' and 'For his mercy endureth forever. A-men.'

* Solo, or Semi-Chorus.

- 1 O give thanks unto the Lord—1st Resp.
2 O give thanks unto the Lord of lords—1st Resp.
3 To him that by wisdom made the heavens—1st Resp.
4 To him that made great lights—1st Resp.
- 5 Who remembered us in our low estate—1st Resp
6 Who giveth food to all flesh—1st Resp.
- O give thanks unto the God of gods—2d Resp.
To him who alone doeth great wonders—2d Resp.
To him that stretched out the earth above the waters—R
The sun to rule by day, the moon and stars to rule by
night—2d Resp.
And hath redeemed us from our enemies—2d Resp.
O give thanks unto the God of heaven—2d Resp. Amen

They are Coming!

Words and Music by T. C. O'KANE. 85

"To them which sat in the region and shadow of death, light is sprung up."

With spirit.

1. They are coming! they are coming! Who have been in darkness long; They are coming to the

Savior With a glad, triumphant song. From the lands beyond the ocean, From the islands of the

sea, From the valleys and the mountains, They are coming, Lord, to thee.

2 Long they sat beneath the shadow,
And the gloom of moral night,
Waiting only for the dawning
Of the promised heavenly light.
But they've heard the glorious gospel,
Of salvation full and free,
Now they read the "Blessed Bible,"
They are coming, Lord, to thee.

8 Hasten, Lord, the coming morning,
Of the bright millennial day—
And may we who love the Savior,
Labor to extend his sway,

Until every ransomed being,
On the land and on the sea,
Shall unite in one grand chorus,
"We are coming, Lord, to thee."

Words by S. V. R. Ford.

T. C. O'Kane.

1. "Lift me higher! lift me higher!" From these scenes of pain and night, Bear me up on an - gel's
 2. "Lift me higher! lift me higher!" When temptations me as - sail, Arm me for the fiercest

pinions, To the world of spirits bright. Let not earth's delusive pleasures Serve my highest joys to blight, I would
 conflict, Let me in thy strength prevail. "Lift me higher!" keep before me Calv'ry's mount where Jesus died; Rest my
 CHORUS.—"Lift me higher, higher, higher," Till my spirit ends its flight, Far be

Repeat Chorus. 3 "Lift me higher! lift me higher!"

In affliction's darkest hour,
 Let my faith surmount the trial,
 In the strength of Jesus' power.
 "Lift me higher! lift me higher!"
 Till by faith the land I see,
 Where the ransomed, from affliction,
 Grief, and pain, are ever free.
 "Lift me higher," etc.

range the fields of glo - ry, In ce - les - tial worlds of light.
 faith in Christ my Savior, My Re - deem - er cru - ci - fied.
 yond this world of darkness, In the realms of end - less light.

* A girl, thirteen years old, was dying. Lifting her eyes toward the ceiling, she said, softly, "Lift me higher! lift me higher!" Her parents raised her up with pillows, but she faintly said, "No, not that; but there!" again looking earnestly toward heaven, whither her happy soul flew a few moments later. On her tombstone is carved, "JANE B—, aged thirteen, LIFTED HIGHER."

With Spirit.

Scholar's Greeting Song.

87

1. Come let us join our cheer-ful songs With an-gels round the throne; Ten thou-sand, thou-sand

Refrain.

are their tongues, But all their joys are one. We come, we come, we come, we come, we come, we come, Our

Repeat Softly.

Sa-vior's name to praise. We come, we come, we come, we come, His name to praise. We come, we come, we come, we come, His glo-rious name to praise.

- 2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
"To be exalted thus:"
"Worthy the Lamb," our hearts reply,
"For he was slain for us."
- 3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and power divine;
And blessings, more than we can give,
Be, Lord, forever thine.

- 4 The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name
Of him who sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.
- 5 Glory to God, and praise, and power,
Honor and thanks be given!
Children and cherubim adore
The Lord of earth and heaven.

Christmas Bells. Carol.

By permission of WM. A. POND & CO.

*Solo.**1st time.**2d time.*

1. { Christmas bells are ringing the blessed chime, "The Savior's born," "the Savior's born;" Christ, the Savior, is born to-day.
 { Children now are singing the joyful theme,
 2. { Listen to the story the angels brought To Judah's plain, To Judah's plain; Christ, the Savior, is born to-day.
 { In a manger lying the one long sought D. S. Glo - ry in the high - est.

Duet.

Carol in gladness, carol in glee, Carol for Jesus, he came to save thee; Carol with hearts full of love to all, Carol, for Jesus has come

*Chorus.—Lively.**D. S. S*

Ring, ring, ring, merry bells ring on; Ring out the Old, ring in the New, For Christ the Lord is King, let all the earth sing,

3 Hark, the holy angels are singing now,
 Peace on earth, good-will to men,
 Hasten to the manger, to Jesus bow,
 Christ the Savior is born to-day.

Carol ye mountains, carol ye rills,
 Carol the herds on a thousand hills;
 Carol ye breezes that waft our prayers,
 Carol, for Jesus is King.—*Chorus.*

1. Dis - ci - ples of Jesus, why stand ye here idle, Go work in his vineyard, he calls you to-day;
The night is approaching, when no man can labor, Our Master com-

Chorus.

mands us, and shall we delay? The field is the world! The field is the world! Look up, for the harvest is near;

When the reapers from glo - ry Will shout as they come, And the Lord of the harvest ap - pear.

2 Our field is the world, and our work is before us,
To each is appointed a message to bear;
At home or abroad, in the cottage or palace,
Wherever directed, our mission is there.

3 Perhaps we are called from the highways and hedges,
To gather the lowly, despised, and oppressed;
If this be our duty, then why should we falter?
We'll do it, and trust to our Savior the rest.

4 O'er islands that sleep in the wave-crested ocean,
We'll scatter the truth, and its fruit it shall bear;
O'er ice-covered regions and rock-girded mountains
The Lord will protect as his children are there.

5 Instead of the thorn shall the myrtle be planted;
The desert shall blossom and bloom as the rose;
The palm-tree rejoicing shall spread forth her branches;
The lamb and the lion together repose.

Gather Them In. (New.)

"Go, therefore, into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in."

T. C. O'Kane.

1. Go to the hedges and broad high-way, Gather them in, Gather them in, Gather them into the Sabbath-school.
Hasten! the Savior's command o-bey!

Gather them in—let the house be full; Gather them in, gather them in, Into the church and the Sabbath-school

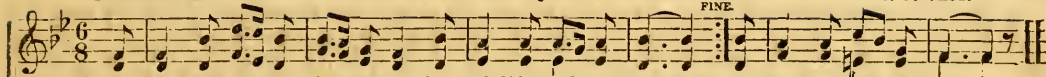
Gather them in, gather them in. Yes; O, yes; we'll gather them into the Sabbath-school. Gather them in—let the house be full.

2 Gather them in from the dreary home,
Jesus has bidden them all to come,
Gather in every one, rich and poor,
Open to all is the Gospel door.

3 Gather them in from the lane and street,
Gather in all that you chance to meet,
Gather in all that may go astray,
Gather them into the "narrow way."

4 Gather them in from the scenes of crime,
Gather in all in their youthful prime,
Gather them in from the countless throng,
Gather them in with your prayers and song.

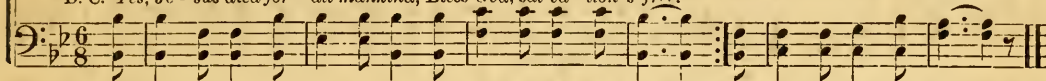
5 Gather them in from the sinner's road,
Point them to Jesus the Lamb of God;
Gather them in with a glowing love,
Bid them to hope for a home above.



1. A-las! and did my Sa-*v*-lor bleed? And did my Sovereign die?
 Would he devote that sacred head
 2. Was it for crimes that I had done He groaned upon the tree?
 A-maz - ing pit - y! grace unknown!

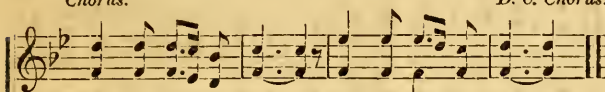
For such a worm as I?
 And love beyond de-gree.

D. C. Yes, Je - sus died for all mankind, Bless God, sal - va - tion's free.

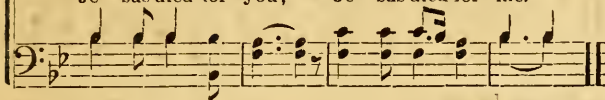


Chorus.

D. C. Chorus.



Je - sus died for you; Je - sus died for me.

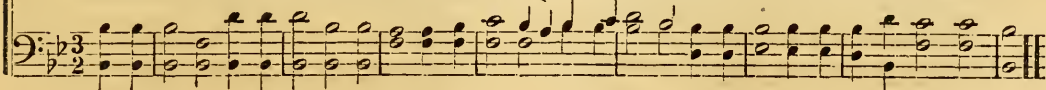


- 3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
 And shut his glories in,
 When Christ, the mighty Maker, died
 For man, the creature's sin.—*Cho.*
 4 Thus might I hide my blushing face
 While his dear cross appears;
 Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
 And melt mine eyes to tears.—*Cho.*
 5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
 The debt of love I owe:
 Here, Lord, I give myself away,
 'Tis all that I can do.—*Cho.*

God is Near Thee.

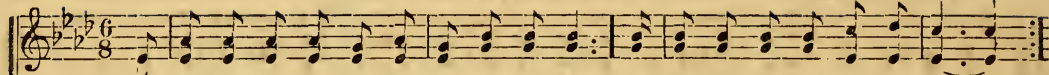


1. God is near thee, Therefore cheer the Sad soul! He'll defend thee, When around thee Billows roll, When around, etc.
 2. Mark the sea-bird, Wildly wheeling Thro' the skies; God defends him, God defends him When he cries, God defends, etc.
 3. Calm thy sadness, Look in gladness, On high! Faint and weary, Pilgrim, cheer thee, Help is nigh, Pilgrim, cheer, etc.

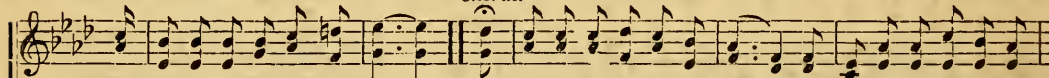


We'll do all that We can.

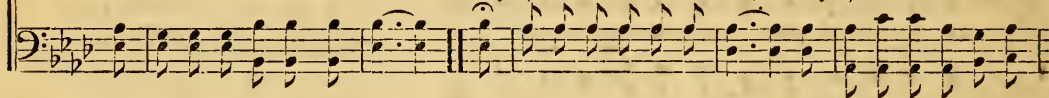
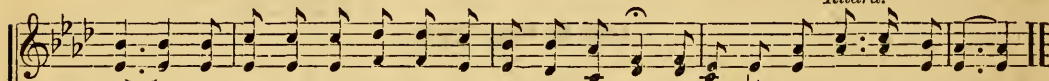
T. C. O'KANE.



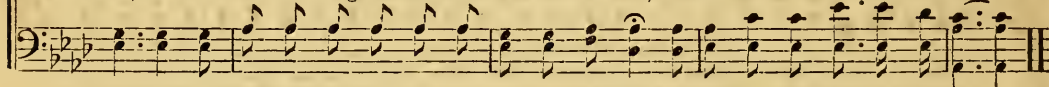
1. We nev - er will think there is naught we can do, Because we can't work like a man, }
 The harvest is great and the lab'ers are few,

*Chorus.*

So we must do all that we can. Oh yes, we'll do all that we can, Oh yes, we'll do all that we

*Ritard.*

can; The harvest is great and the lab'ers are few, So we must do all that we can.



2 And if we have only a penny to give,
 We'll give it, though scanty our store;
 For they who give nothing when little they have,
 When wealthy will give little more.

3 But if an abundance we have at command,
 O Father! the spirit bestow,
 To scatter our wealth with a liberal hand,
 To cheer those in sorrow and woe.

4 Though God may not call us in regions afar,
 To scatter the Gospel abroad,
 We'll point those around us to Bethlehem's star,
 To heaven, to home, and to God.

5 For Jesus our Savior our talents and time
 And money we'll cheerfully spend;
 Whatever our station, wherever our clime,
 We'll serve him and love to the end.

O Christian, Awake.

From "Singing Pilgrim." 93

"Stand, therefore, having your loins girt about with truth, and having the breast-plate of righteousness."

1. O Chris-tian, a-wake! for the strife is at hand, With helmet and shield, and a sword in thy
2. Whatev-er thy danger, take heed and beware, And turn not thy back, for no ar-mor is

hand; To meet the bold tempter, go, fearless-ly go, And stand like the brave, with thy face to the foe.
there; The legions of darkness, if thou wouldst o'erthrow, Then stand like the brave, with thy face to the foe.

Solo.

Semi-Chorus.

Full Chorus.

Stand like the brave, Stand like the brave, Stand like the brave, with thy face to the foe.

3 The cause of thy Master with vigor defend,
Be watchful, be zealous, and fight to the end;
Wherever he leads thee, go, valiantly go,
And stand like the brave, with thy face to the foe;
Stand like the brave, etc.

4 Press on, never doubting, thy Captain is near.
With grace to supply, and with comfort to cheer;
His love, like a stream, in the desert will flow,
Then stand like the brave, with thy face to the foe.
Stand like the brave, etc.

Cleansing Fountain.

1. There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins, And sinners plunged be-

neath that flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains, Lose all their guilt - y stains, Lose

all their guilt - y stains; And sinners plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains.

- 2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.
- 3 Thou dying Lamb! thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Are saved, to sin no more.

- 4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.
- 5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song
I'll sing thy power to save,
When this poor, lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

Fly to the Fountain.

95

T. C. O'Kane.

1. From Zi - on's sa - cred mountain, See the liv - ing wa - ters glide!
Fly to that fountain, fly with me, And plunge beneath its tide.

Chorus.

Repeat ad lib.

Fly to the foun - tain, Fly to the foun - tain, Fly to the foun - tain, Flowing for you and me.
Fly, fly, fly to the fountain, Fly, fly, fly to the fountain, Fly, fly, fly to the fountain,

2 'T will cleanse the heart from every sin,
And purify the soul;
Yes; Jesus' blood will keep it clean,
And make the sinner whole.

3 "Ho! every one," the prophet cries,
For every one there's room;
"Ho! every one," my soul replies,
"And to the fountain come."

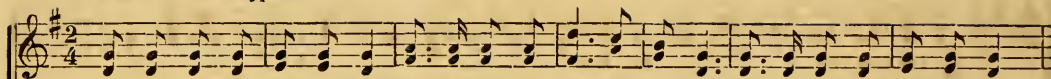
Jesus Died on Calvary's Mountain.

Old Melody.

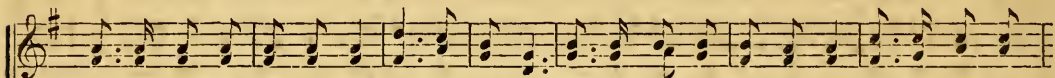
1. Je - sus died on Calvary's mountain, Long time a - go;
2. On his head the dews of midnight, Fell long a - go;
3. Je - sus died, yet lives for - ev - er, No more to die!
4. Now in heaven he's interceding, By faith I see,
5. Courage, then, my soul, press onward! Mid ease or pain;

And salvation's rolling fountain, Now free - ly flows.
Now a crown of dazzling sunlight, Sits on his brow.
Bleeding Jesus! Blessed Savior! Now reigns on high.
With the Father earnest pleading For you and me,
Soon he'll bid thee come up yonder, With him to reign,

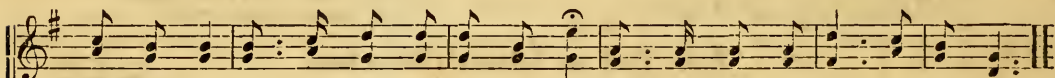
Words from the Polyphonic.



1. Ev - er constant, ev - er true, Let the word be, No sur - ren - der! Bold - ly dare and great - ly do!
2. Constant and courageous still, Mind, the word is, No sur - ren - der! Bat - tle, though it be up hill,



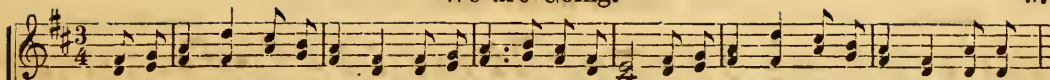
This shall bring us bravely thro', No sur - ren - der! And tho' future smiles be few, Hope is al - ways
Stag - ger not at seem - ing ill; No sur - ren - der! Hope and thus your hope fulfill; There's a way where



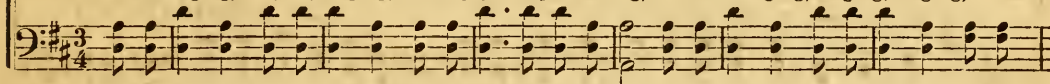
spring - ing new, Still in - spir - ing me and you, With a mag - ic - No sur - ren - der.
there's a will; And the way all cares to kill, Is to give them No sur - ren - der.

We are Going.

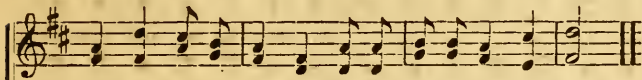
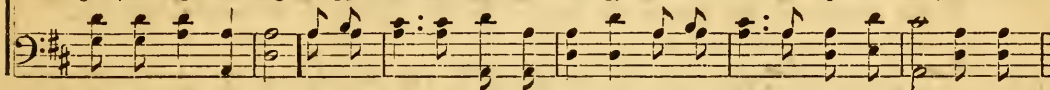
97



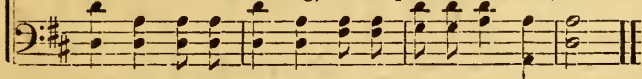
1. We are go - ing, go - ing, go - ing, To a land where all is light, Where are flowing, flowing, flowing, Living
 2. We are singing, singing, singing, As we joy - ful pass a - long, Hear the ringing, ringing, ringing, Of our



waters pure and bright. Here we learn redemption's sto - ry, Here we seek our Savior's grace, There we
 glad, triumphant song. Happi - ness our heart is swelling, As we ev - er upward tend, And we



shall be - hold his glo - ry, Worshiping be - fore his face.
 can not cease from telling, Of our precious heavenly Friend.



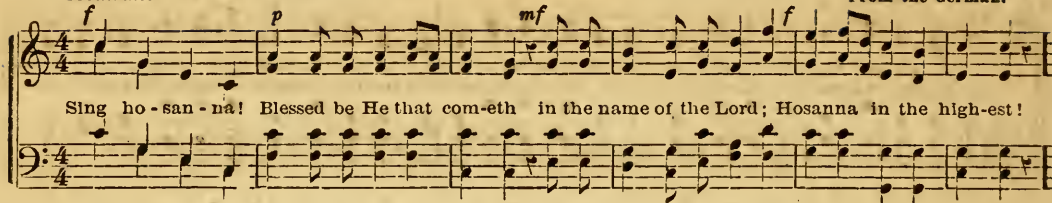
3 We are praying, praying, praying,
 For the sinners all around,
 Who are straying, straying, straying,
 In a misery profound.
 We are longing to behold them
 Tread with us the heavenly road,
 In our arms we would enfold them,
 As we journey home to God.

4 We are striving, striving, striving,
 Manfully to fight with sin,
 While the days are flying, flying,
 We would grow more pure within.
 For the meek ones and the lowly,
 God will as his chosen own;
 Naught polluted or unholy
 Shall behold his spotless throne.

5 Thus while years are fleeting, fleeting,
 Pace we on with prayer and song,
 Hasten to the meeting, meeting,
 Of the blood-washed ransomed throng.
 Jesus, Savior, leave us never,
 Help us faithful still to prove;
 Then at home with thee forever,
 May we gathered be above.

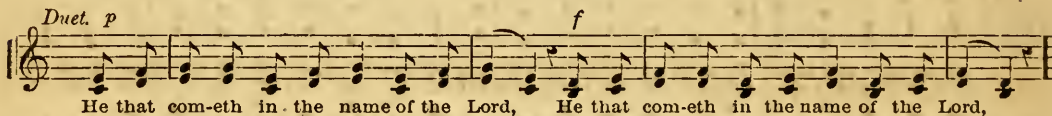
He that cometh in the Name of the Lord.

From the German.

Moderato.


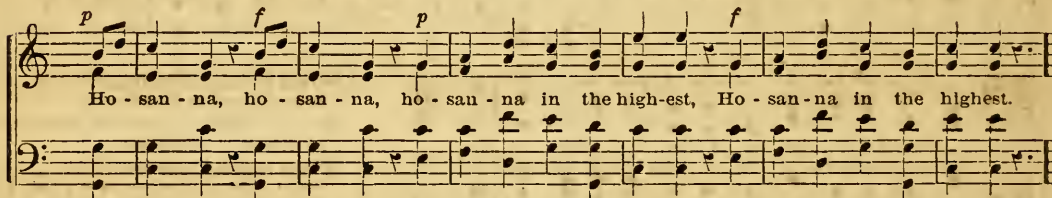
f *p* *mf* *f*

Sing ho-san-na! Blessed be He that com-eth in the name of the Lord; Hosanna in the high-est!



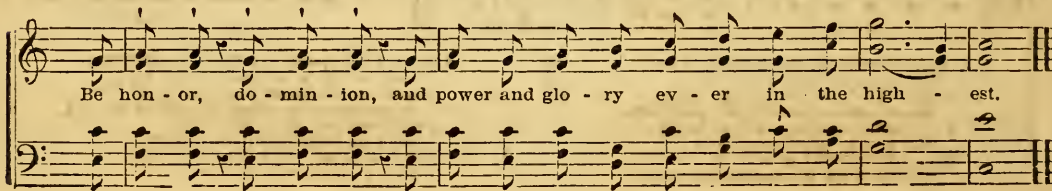
Duet. p *f*

He that com-eth in the name of the Lord, He that com-eth in the name of the Lord,



p *f* *p* *f*

Ho-san-na, ho-san-na, ho-san-na in the high-est, Ho-san-na in the highest.



Be hon-or, do-min-ion, and power and glo-ry ev-er in the high-est.

Lord, dismiss us.

Moderato.

From the Polyphonic.

Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing, Bld us now depart in peace; Still on heav'nly manna feeding, Let our faith and

love increase. Fill each breast with consolation, Up to thee our hearts we raise;
When we reach that blissful station,

When we reach that blissful station, Then we'll give thee nobler praise, Amen!
Then we'll give thee nobler praise. A - men!

Dear Sunday-School.

From the "POLYPHONIC," by permission.

1. I love the Sunday-school, To meet my teacher dear, With eager steps I come, And seek instruction

The musical notation consists of a treble and bass staff in 6/8 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff.

Chorus.

REPEAT AD LIBITUM.

here. Dear Sunday-school - - May I ev - er, ev - er love the Sun-day - school.

The musical notation continues with the chorus, featuring a treble and bass staff. It includes repeat signs and a double bar line at the end.

Dear Sunday-school,

2 I love the Sunday-school—
The precious volume, too
Which is the only rule
To teach me what to do.
Dear Sunday-school, etc.

3 Within it I behold
The rays of Gospel light,
Richer than gems or gold,
And more divinely bright.
Dear Sunday-school, etc.

4 I love the Sunday-school—
And wish that every child
Would here his name enroll
No more be rude and wild.
Dear Sunday-school, etc.

5 And may God give me grace
A Savior's name to love;
To see his smiling face
In mansions bright above.
Dear Sunday-school, etc.

Slowly.

Bonnie Doon.

101

The musical score for 'Bonnie Doon.' is presented in two systems. Each system consists of a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The first system begins with a treble clef staff containing a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, and a bass clef staff with a harmonic accompaniment of chords. A 'C' time signature is visible above the second measure of the first system. The second system continues the piece, ending with a 'D. C. S.' marking above the final measure of the treble staff.

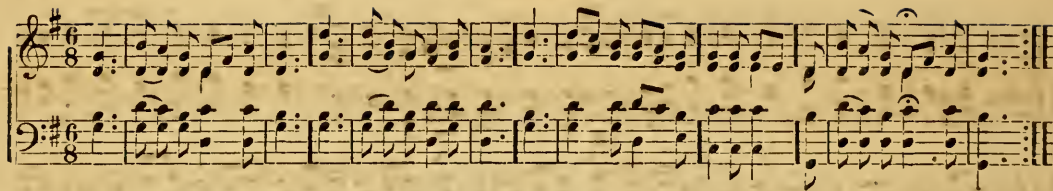
The Influence of Love.

- 1 The ransom'd spirit to her home,
The clime of cloudless beauty, flies;
No more on stormy seas to roam,
She hails her haven in the skies:
But cheerless are those heavenly fields,
That cloudless clime no pleasure yields,
There is no bliss in bowers above,
If thou art absent, holy Love!
- 2 The cherub near the viewless throne,
Hath smote the harp with trembling hand,
And one with incense-fire hath flown,
To touch with flame the angel band;
But tuneless is the quivering string,
No melody can Gabriel bring,
Mute are its arches, when above
The harp of heaven wake not to Love.
- 3 Earth, sea, and sky one language speak,
In harmony that soothes the soul:
'T is heard when scarce the zephyrs wake,
And when on thunders thunders roll:
That voice is heard, and tumults cease—
It whispers to the bosom peace.
Speak, thou Inspirer, from above,
And cheer our hearts, celestial Love!

Star of Bethlehem.

- 1 When marshal'd on the nightly plain,
The glitt'ring host bestud the sky,
One star alone of all the train
Can fix the sinner's wand'ring eye.
Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks,
From every host, from every gem:
But one alone the Savior speaks—
It is the Star of Bethlehem.
- 2 Once on the raging seas I rode;
The storm was loud, the night was dark,
The ocean yawn'd, and rudely blow'd
The wind that toss'd my found'ring bark.
Deep horror then my vitals froze;
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem;
When suddenly a star arose—
It was the Star of Bethlehem.
- 3 It was my guide, my life, my all;
It bade my dark foreboding cease;
And, through the storm and danger's thrall,
It led me to the port of peace.
Now, safely moor'd, my perils o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
Forever, and forever more,
The Star!—the Star of Bethlehem!

Heavenly Shore.



1 And may I still get there?
Still reach the heavenly shore?
The land forever bright and fair,
Where sorrow reigns no more?

CHORUS.

There'll be no sorrow there,
There'll be no sorrow there;
In heaven above, where all is love,
There'll be no sorrow there.

2 Shall I, unworthy I,
To fear and doubting given,
Mount up at last and happy fly
On angel's wings to heaven?

3 Hail, love divine and pure,
Hail, mercy from the skies!
My hopes are bright, and now se-
Upborne by faith I rise. [cure,

4 I part with earth and sin,
And shout the danger's past;
My Savior takes me fully in,
And I am his at last.

1 O sing to me of heaven,
When I am called to die,
Sing songs of holy ecstasy,
To waft my soul on high.

CHORUS.

There'll be no sorrow there,
There'll be no sorrow there;
In heaven above, where all is love,
There'll be no sorrow there.

2 When the last moment comes,
Oh, watch my dying face,
To catch the bright seraphic gleam,
Which o'er my features plays.

3 Then to my raptured soul
Let one sweet song be given,
Let music cheer me last on earth,
And greet me first in heaven.

4 Then round my senseless clay,
Assemble those I love, [heaven,
And sing of heaven, delightful
My glorious home above.

1 Grace! 'tis a charming sound,
Harmonious to the ear;
Heav'n with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

CHORUS.

I'm glad salvation's free,
I'm glad salvation's free;
Salvation's free for you and me,
I'm glad salvation's free.

2 Grace first contrived a way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps that grace display,
Which drew the wondrous plan.

3 Grace led my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet
While pressing on to God.

4 Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days; [join
And every ransomed power shall
In wonder, love, and praise.

MUSIC ON PAGE 55.

1 Come, thou Almighty King,
Help us thy name to sing;
Help us to praise!
Father, all glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come and reign over us.
Ancient of days.

2 God of the right, arise!
Scatter our enemies;
Now make them fall!
Let thine almighty aid
Our sure defense be made,
Our souls on thee be stayed;
Lord, hear our call!

3 Come, thou eternal Word,
Gird on thy mighty sword;
Our prayer attend!
Come, and thy people bless;
Come, give thy word success;
Spirit of holiness
On us descend!

Spanish.

D. C.

1st time. 2d and last time. FINE.

Who shall sing, if not the Children?

- 1 Who shall sing, if not the children?
Did not Jesus die for them?
May they not, with other jewels,
Sparkle in his diadem?
Why to them were voices given—
Bird-like voices, sweet and clear—
Why, unless the song of heaven
They begin to practice here?
- 2 There's a choir of infant songsters,
White-robed, round the Savior's throne;
Angels cease, and waiting, listen!
Oh! 'tis sweeter than their own!
Faith can hear the rapturous choral,
When her ear is upward turned:
Is it not the same, perfected,
Which upon the earth they learned?
- 3 Jesus, when on earth sojourning,
Loved them with a wondrous love;
And will he, to heaven returning,
Faithless to his blessing prove?
Oh! they can not sing too early!
Fathers, stand not in their way!
Birds sing while the day is breaking—
Tell me, then, why should not *they*?

Toil on, Teachers.

- 1 Toil on teachers, toil on boldly,
Labor on, and watch and pray;
Men may scoff and treat you coldly,
Heed them not, go on your way;
Jesus is a loving master;
Cease not then this work to do;
Cleave to him still closer, faster,
He will own and honor you.
- 2 Toil on, teacher! toil on ever,
Constantly, unflinching toil;
Faint ye not, and weary never,
Labor on in every soil;
Listless souls one day may waken,
Buried seed spring up and grow,
Sin's stout bulwarks may be shaken,
Hardened hearts may be brought low.
- 3 Toil on, teachers! earnest, steady,
Sowing well the seed of truth;
Always willing, cheerful, ready,
Watching, praying, for your youth;
Patient, firm, and persevering,
Leaning on the promise sure;
Prayer will surely gain a hearing,
Faithful to the end endure.

Horton.

The Voice of Jesus.

- 1 Come, said Jesus' sacred voice,
Come, and make my paths your
choice;
Long hast roamed the barren waste,
Weary wanderer, hither waste!
- 2 Thou who, homeless and forlorn,
Long hast borne the proud world's
scorn,
I will guide you to your home,
Weary wanderer, hither come!
- 3 Ye who tossed on beds of pain,
Seek for ease, but seek in vain;
Ye, by fiercer anguish torn,
In remorse for guilt who mourn:
- 4 Hither come! for here is found
Balm that flows for every wound;
Peace that ever shall endure,
Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

"Lovest thou Me."

- 1 Hark, my soul, it is the Lord!
"Tis thy Savior, hear his word!
Jesus speaks, he speaks to thee,
"Say, poor sinner, lovest thou me?"
- 2 "I delivered thee when bound,
And when bleeding, healed thy
wound,
Sought thee wand'ring, set thee
right,
Turned thy darkness into light.
- 3 "Thou shalt see my glory soon,
When the work of faith is done;
Partner of my throne shalt be:
Say, poor sinner, lovest thou me?"
- 4 Lord, it is my chief complaint
That my love is still so faint,
Yet I love thee, and adore,
O, for grace to love thee more!

The Polar Star.

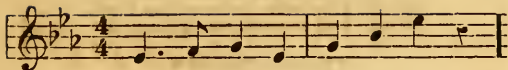
- 1 Weary wanderer o'er the main,
Seeking for thy home again,
Thro' the gath'ring mists that rise,
Vailing thy natal skies;
Look beyond, there's light for thee,
Streaming o'er the turbid sea;
Softly it smiles, though distant far,
The beautiful polar star.
- 2 Stranger on a rocky strand,
Longing for thy fatherland,
Thro' the gath'ring clouds that rise,
Vailing thy natal skies;
Look beyond, there's hope for thee,
Dawning o'er the tranquil sea,
Softly it smiles, though distant far,
The beautiful polar star.
- 3 Lonely watcher, pale with grief,
Thou shalt find a sweet relief,
Though thy tears unheeded fall,
Jesus will count them all;
Look beyond, there's joy for thee,
Breaking o'er a troubled sea,
Softly it smiles, though distant far,
The beautiful polar star.

Evening: Communion with God

TUNE—HORTON.

- 1 Softly now the light of day
Fades upon our sight away;
Free from care, from labor free,
Lord, we would commune with
thee.
- 2 Soon from us the light of day
Shall forever pass away;
Then, from sin and sorrow free,
Take us, Lord, to dwell with
thee.

Ives.



- 1 Who are these in bright array,
This exulting, happy throng,
Round the altar night and day,
Singing one triumphant song?
- 2 These through fiery trials trod,
These from great afflictions came;
Now before the throne of God,
Sealed with his almighty name.
- 3 Clad in raiment pure and white,
Victor palms in every hand,
Through their great Redeemer's might,
More than conquerors they stand.
- 4 Joy and gladness banish sighs;
Perfect love dispels all fears;
And forever from their eyes
God shall wipe away their tears.

Over the River I'm Going.

(Music on page 65.)

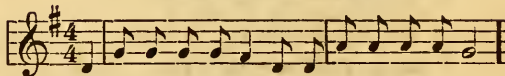
- 1 Over the river I'm going,
Beyond where the pearly gates stand,
Over the cold icy billows,
To live in a fair, sunny land.
My Father has built me a mansion,
And filled it with treasures of gold,
Yes, over the river I'm going,
To where there are pleasures untold.

CHORUS.

To where there are pleasures untold,
To where there are pleasures untold;
Yes, over the river I'm going,
To where there are pleasures untold.

- 2 Over the river I'm going;
O, seek not to draw me aside!
See, for the boatman is waiting
To ferry me over the tide.
My Savior is there to receive me,
And shield me from suffering and cold;
Yes, over the river I'm going,
To where there are pleasures untold.
To where there are pleasures, etc.

O, we are Volunteers.



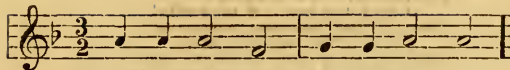
- 1 O, we are volunteers in the army of the Lord,
Forming into line at our Captain's word;
We are under marching orders to take the battie-field,
And we'll ne'er give o'er the fight, till the foe shall
yield.

CHORUS.

Come and join the army, the army of the Lord,
Jesus is our Captain, we rally at his word;
Sharp will be the conflict with the powers of sin,
But with such a Leader, we are sure to win.

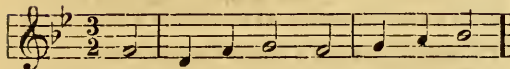
- 2 The glory of our flag is the emblem of the dove,
Gleaning are our swords from the forge of love;
We go forth, but not to battle for earthly honors vain,
'T is a bright immortal crown that we seek to gain.
- 3 Our foes are in the field, pressing hard on every side—
Envy, anger, hatred, with self and pride;
They are cruel, fierce, and strong, ever ready to attack;
We must watch and fight and pray, if we'd drive them
back.
- 4 O, glorious is the struggle in which we draw the sword,
Glorious in the kingdom of Christ, our Lord;
It shall spread from sea to sea, it shall reach from
shore to shore,
And His people shall be blessed for evermore.

'Talmar.



- 1 Cast thy bread upon the waters,
Thinking not 't is thrown away;
God himself saith thou shalt gather
It again some future day.
- 2 As the seed, by billows floated,
To some distant island lone,
So to human souls benighted,
That thou flingest may be borne.
- 3 Cast thy bread upon the waters;
Why wilt thou still doubting stand?
Bounteous shall God send the harvest,
If thou sow'st with liberal hand.
- 4 Give, then, freely of thy substance—
O'er this cause the Lord doth reign:
Cast thy bread, and toil with patience,
Thou shalt labor not in vain.

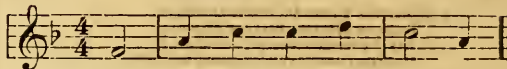
Hebron.



- 1 Thus far the Lord hath led me on;
Thus far his power prolongs my days;
And every evening shall make known
Some fresh memorial of his grace.
- 2 Much of my time has run to waste;
And I, perhaps am near my home;
But he forgives my follies past;
He gives me strength for days to come.
- 3 I lay my body down to sleep;
Peace is the pillow for my head;
While well-appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations round my bed.

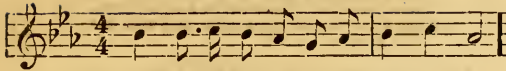
- 4 Thus, when the night of death shall come,
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,
And wait thy voice to break my tomb,
With sweet salvation in the sound.

Missionary Hymn.



- 1 From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand;
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.
- 2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile:
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strewn;
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.
- 3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation—O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.
- 4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll.
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole:
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

The Promised Land.



1 I have a Father in the promised land,
I have a Father in the promised land;
My Father calls me, I must go
To meet him in the promised land.

CHORUS.

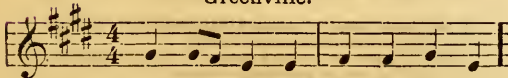
I'll away, I'll away to the promised land,
I'll away, I'll away to the promised land;
My Father calls me, I must go
To meet him in the promised land.

2 I have a Savior in the promised land,
I have a Savior in the promised land;
My Savior calls me, I must go
To meet him in the promised land.
I'll away, etc.

3 I have a crown in the promised land,
I have a crown in the promised land;
When Jesus calls me, I must go
To wear it in the promised land.
I'll away, etc.

4 I hope to meet you in the promised land,
I hope to meet you in the promised land;
At Jesus' feet, a joyous band,
We'll praise him in the promised land.
We'll away, etc.

Greenville.



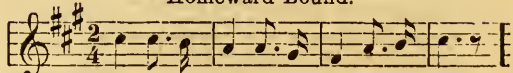
1 In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the lights of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

2 When the woes of life o'er take me,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me:
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross, the radiance streaming,
Adds new luster to the day.

4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there, that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

Homeward Bound.

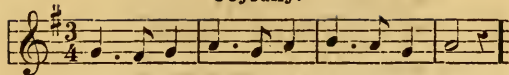


1 Out on an ocean all boundless we ride,
We're homeward bound, homeward bound;
Tossed on the waves of a rough, restless tide,
We're homeward bound, homeward bound.
Far, from the safe, quiet harbor we've rode,
Seeking our Father's celestial abode,
Promise of which on us each he bestowed,
We're homeward bound, homeward bound.

2 Wildly the storm sweeps us on as it roars,
We're homeward bound, homeward bound;
Look! yonder lie the bright heavenly shores,
We're homeward bound, homeward bound
Steady, O pilot! stand firm at the wheel,
Steady! we soon shall outweather the gale;
O how we fly 'neath the loud-creaking sail,
We're homeward bound, homeward bound.

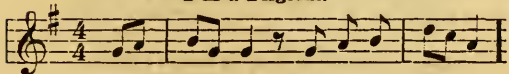
3 Into the harbor of heaven now we glide,
We're home at last, home at last;
Softly we drift on its bright silver tide,
We're home at last, home at last.
Glory to God! all our dangers are o'er,
Safely we stand on the radiant shore;
Glory to God! we will shout evermore,
We're home at last, home at last.

Joyfully.



- 1 Joyfully, joyfully, onward we move,
Bound to the land of bright spirits above;
Jesus, our Savior, in mercy says come,
Joyfully, joyfully, haste to your home.
Soon will our pilgrimage end here below,
Soon to the presence of God we shall go;
Then, if to Jesus our hearts have been given,
Joyfully, joyfully, rest we in heaven.
- 2 Teachers and scholars have passed on before,
Waiting, they watch us approaching the shore;
Singing to cheer us, while passing along,
Joyfully, joyfully, haste to your home.
Sounds of sweet music there ravish the ear,
Harps of the blessed, your strains we shall hear,
Filling with harmony heaven's high dome;
Joyfully, joyfully, Jesus, we come.
- 3 Death with his arrow may soon lay us low,
Safe in our Savior, we fear not the blow;
Jesus hath broken the bars of the tomb,
Joyfully, joyfully will we go home.
Bright will the morn of eternity dawn,
Death shall be conquered, his scepter be gone;
Over the plains of sweet Canaan we'll roam,
Joyfully, joyfully, safely at home.

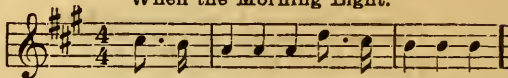
I'm a Pilgrim.



- 1 I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger,
I can tarry, I can tarry but a night;
Do not detain me, for I am going
To where the streamlets are ever flowing.
I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger,
I can tarry, I can tarry but a night.

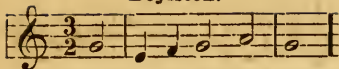
- 2 There the sunbeams are ever shining,
I am longing, I am longing for the sight;
Within a country unknown and dreary,
I have been wandering forlorn and weary.
I'm a pilgrim, etc.
- 3 Of that country to which I'm going,
My Redeemer, my Redeemer is the light;
There are no sorrows, nor any sighing,
Nor any sin there, nor any dying.
I'm a pilgrim, etc.

When the Morning Light.



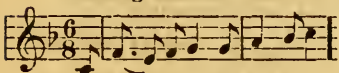
- 1 When the morning light drives away the night,
With the sun so bright and full,
And it draws its line near the hour of nine,
I'll away to the Sabbath-school;
For 't is there we all agree,
All with happy hearts and free,
And I love to early be
At the Sabbath-school.
I'll away! away! I'll away! away!
I'll away to Sabbath-school.
- 2 In the class I meet with the friends I greet,
At the time of morning prayer;
And our hearts we raise in a hymn of praise,
For 't is always pleasant there;
In the Book of holy truth,
Full of counsel and reproof,
We behold the guide of youth,
At the Sabbath-school.
- 3 May the dews of grace fill the hallowed place,
And the sunshine never fall,
While each blooming rose which in memory grows
Shall a sweet perfume exhale;
When we mingle here no more,
But have met on Jordan's shore,
We will talk of moments o'er
At the Sabbath-school.

Boylston.



- 1 Lord, help us, as we sing,
To mean the words we use;
And not to mock our heavenly
King,
And all his love abuse.
- 2 Lord, help us, as we pray,
To come with hearts sincere;
And as we learn of wisdom's ways,
To seek thy blessing here.
- 3 Lord, help us, as we hear,
To treasure up thy word;
And, not to-morrow to appear
As if it were unheard.
- 4 Lord, help us, while we live,
Thy servants to abide;
The aid of thy good Spirit give;
In mercy be our Guide.

Battling for the Lord.



- 1 We've listed in a holy war,
Battling for the Lord!
Eternal life, eternal joy,
Battling for the Lord!
- CHORUS.
- We'll work till Jesus comes,
We'll work till Jesus comes,
We'll work till Jesus comes,
And then we'll rest at home.
- 2 Under our Captain, Jesus Christ,
Battling for the Lord!
We've listed for this mortal life,
Battling for the Lord!

3 We'll fight against the powers of
Battling for the Lord! [sin,
In favor of our heavenly King,
Battling for the Lord!

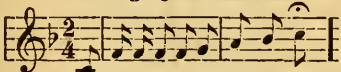
4 And when our warfare here is o'er,
Battling for the Lord!
This strife we'll leave, and war no
more,
Battling for the Lord!

5 Our friends and kindred there we'll
meet,
On the heavenly shore!
And ground our arms at Jesus' feet,
On the heavenly shore!

CODA FOR LAST VERSE.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home!
Prepare me, dear Savior, for glory,
my home.

Climbing up Zion's Hill.



- 1 "I'm trying to climb up Zion's
Hill,"
For the Savior whispers "Love
me;"
Though all beneath is dark as death,
Yet the stars are bright above me.
Then upward still, to Zion's hill,
To the land of joy and beauty,
My path before shines more and
more,
As it nears the golden city.

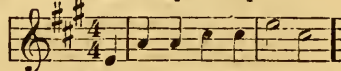
CHORUS.

- I'm climbing up Zion's hill,
I'm climbing up Zion's hill,
Climbing, climbing,
Climbing up Zion's hill.
- 2 I know I'm but a little child,
My strength will not protect me;
But then I am the Savior's lamb,
And he will not neglect me.

Then all the time I'll try to climb
This holy hill of Zion,
For I am sure the way is pure,
And on it comes "no lion."

- 3 Then come with me, we'll upward
And climb this hill together; [go,
And as we walk, we'll sweetly talk,
And sing as we go thither.
Then mount up still God's holy hill,
Till we reach the pearly portals,
Where raptured tongues proclaim
the songs
Of the shining-robed Immortals.

The Gospel Ship.



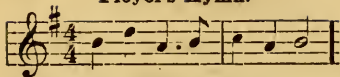
- 1 The Gospel Ship is sailing,
Sailing, sailing;
The Gospel Ship is sailing,
Bound for Cannan's happy shore.
All who would ship for glory,
Glory, glory;
All who would ship for glory,
Come and welcome, rich and poor.

CHORUS.

- Glory, hallelujah!
All on board are sweetly singing;
Glory, hallelujah!
Hallelujah to the Lamb!
- 2 She has landed many thousands
On fair Canaan's happy shore,
And thousands now are sailing,
Yet there's room for thousands
more.
 - 3 Sails filled with heavenly breezes,
Swiftly glides the ship along,
Her company are singing,
Glory, glory is their song.
 - 4 Take passage now for glory,
Sailing o'er life's troubled sea,
With us you shall be happy,
Happy through eternity

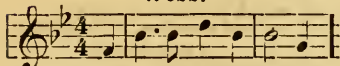
Fresh Leaves.

Pleyel's Hymn.



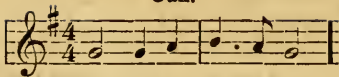
- 1 Hasten, sinner, to be wise!
Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Wisdom if you still despise,
Harder is it to be won.
- 2 Hasten, mercy to implore!
Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Lest thy season should be o'er
Ere this evening's stage be run.
- 3 Hasten, sinner, to return!
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy lamp should fail to burn
Ere salvation's work is done.
- 4 Hasten, sinner, to be blest!
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest perdition thee arrest
Ere the morrow is begun.

Webb.



- 1 When shall the voice of singing
Flow joyfully along?
When hill and valley, ringing
With one triumphant song,
Proclaim the contest ended,
And Him who once was slain,
Again to earth descended,
In righteousness to reign.
- 2 Then from the craggy mountains
The sacred shout shall fly,
And shady valls and fountains
Shall echo the reply.
High tower and lowly dwelling
Shall send the chorus round,
All hallelujahs swelling
In one eternal sound

Oak.



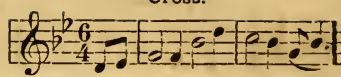
- 1 I'm but a stranger here,
Heaven is my home;
Earth is a desert drear,
Heaven is my home.
Danger and sorrow stand
Round me on every hand;
Heaven is my fatherland,
Heaven is my home.
- 2 What though the tempest rage,
Heaven is my home;
Short is my pilgrimage,
Heaven is my home.
Time's cold and wintry blast
Soon will be overpast;
I shall reach home at last,
Heaven is my home.
- 3 There at my Savior's side,
Heaven is my home,
I shall be glorified,
Heaven is my home.
There are the good and blest,
Those I loved most and best,
There, too, I soon shall rest,
Heaven is my home.

God Bless our Land.

(Music on page 55.)

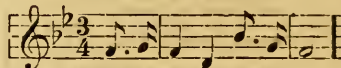
- 1 God bless our native land!
Firm may she ever stand,
Through storm and night;
When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of winds and wave,
Do thou our country save
By thy great might.
- 2 For her our prayer shall rise
To God above the skies;
On him we wait:
Thou who art ever nigh,
Guarding with watchful eye,
To thee aloud we cry,
God save the State!

Cross.



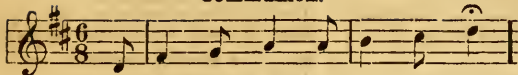
- 1 Must Jesus bear the cross alone,
And all the world go free?
No; there's a cross for every one,
And there's a cross for me.
- 2 How happy are the saints above
Who once went sorrowing here;
But now they taste unmingled love,
And joy without a tear.
- 3 The consecrated cross I'll bear,
Till death shall set me free,
And then go home my crown to wear,
For there's a crown for me.

Toplady.



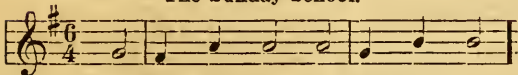
- 1 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side which
flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath, and make me
pure.
- 2 Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and thou alone:
In my hand no price I bring;
Simply to the cross I cling.
- 3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold thee on thy throne—
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee

Communion.



- 1 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me at my Father's throne,
Make all my wants and wishes known;
In seasons of distress and grief,
My soul has often found relief,
: And oft escaped the tempter's snare,
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer. : |
- 2 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
Thy wings shall my petition bear,
To him whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless;
And since he bids me seek his face,
Believe his word and trust his grace,
: I'll cast on him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer. : |
- 3 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
May I thy consolation share,
Till from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,
I view my home, and take my flight;
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise
To seize the everlasting prize;
: And shout, while passing through the air,
Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer! : |

The Sunday-School.



- 1 The Sunday-school, that blessed place,
Oh! I would rather stay
Within its walls a child of grace,
Than spend my hours in play.

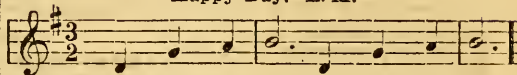
CHORUS.

The Sunday-school, the Sunday-school,
Oh! 'tis the place I love,

For there I learn the golden rule,
Which leads to joys above.

- 2 'Tis there I learn that Jesus died
For sinners such as I;
Oh! what is all the world beside,
That I should prize so high,
The Sunday-school, etc.
- 3 Then let our grateful tribute rise,
And songs of praise be given
To him who dwells above the skies,
For such a blessing given.
The Sunday-school, etc.
- 4 And welcome, then, the Sunday-school,
We'll read, and sing, and pray,
That we may keep the golden rule,
And never from it stray.
The Sunday-school, etc.

Happy Day. L. M.



- 1 Oh, happy day that fixed my choice
On thee, my Savior and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

CHORUS.

Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away;
He taught me how to watch and pray,
And live rejoicing every day.
Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away.

- 2 Oh, happy bond, that seals my vows
To Him, who merits all my love;
Let cheerful anthems fill his house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.
Happy day, etc.

Temperance Appeal.

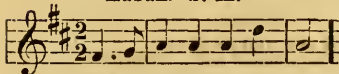
(Music on page 50, omitting notes marked with a *.)

1 Friends of freedom, swell the song;
Young and old, the strain prolong;
Make the Temperance army strong,
And on to victory!
Lift your banners, let them wave;
Onward march a world to save;
Who would fill a drunkard's grave,
And bear his infamy?

2 Give the aching bosom rest;
Carry joy to every breast;
Make the wretched drunkard blest,
By living soberly.
Raise the glorious watchword high,
"Touch not, taste not, till you die!"
Let the echo reach the sky,
And earth keep jubilee.

3 God of mercy, hear us plead,
For thy help we intercede,
See how many bosoms bleed,
And heal them speedily.
Hasten, Lord, the happy day,
When beneath its gentle ray,
Temperance all the world shall sway.
And reign triumphantly.

Laban. S. M.



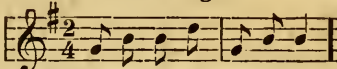
1 My soul, be on thy guard;
Ten thousand foes arise;
The hosts of sin are pressing hard
To draw thee from the skies.

2 O watch and fight and pray;
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor lay thine armor down;
The work of faith will not be done,
Till thou obtain the crown.

4 Then persevere till death
Shall bring thee to thy God;
He'll take thee, at thy parting
breath,
To his divine abode.

In the Light.



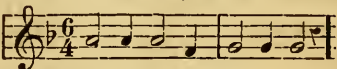
1 'Tis religion that can give—
In the light, in the light;
Sweetest pleasure while we live—
In the light of God.
'Tis religion must supply—
In the light, in the light;
Solid comfort when we die—
In the light of God.

CHORUS.

Let us walk in the light,
In the light, in the light;
Let us walk in the light,
In the light of God.

2 After death its joys shall be,
Lasting as eternity,
Be the living God my Friend,
Then my bliss shall never end.

Martyn.



1 Holy Bible! book divine!
Precious treasure! thou art mine!
Mine, to tell me whence I came;
Mine, to teach me what I am.

2 Mine, to hide me when I rove;
Mine, to show a Savior's love;
Mine art thou to guide my feet;
Mine, to judge, condemn, acquit.

3 Mine, to comfort in distress,
If, the Holy Spirit bless;
Mine, to show by living faith
Man can triumph over death.

4 Mine, to tell of joys to come,
And the rebel sinner's doom;
O thou precious book divine!
Precious treasure! thou art mine

God Save the Poor.

(Music on page 55.)

1 Lord, from thy glorious throne,
The fallen look upon;
God save the poor.

Teach them true liberty,
Make them from habit free,
Let their homes happy be;
God save the poor.

2 The arms of wicked men
Do thou with might restrain;
God save the poor.

Raise thou their lowliness,
Succor thou their distress,
Thou whom the meaneast bless
God save the poor.

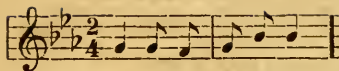
3 Give them staunch honesty,
Let their pride manly be;
God save the poor.

Help them to hold the right,
Give them both truth and might,
Lord of all life and light;
God save the poor.

4 O God, our cause maintain,
Remove the drunkard's stain;
God save the poor.

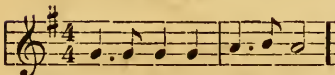
Now, O teetotal band,
Press forward heart and hand,
God by our side will stand;
God save the poor.

Happy Land.



- 1 There is a happy land,
Far, far away;
Where saints in glory stand,
Bright, bright as day.
Oh, how they sweetly sing,
Worthy is our Savior King,
Loud let his praises ring,
Praise, praise for aye.
- 2 Come to that happy land,
Come, come away;
Why will you doubting stand,
Why still delay?
Oh, we shall happy be,
When, from sin and sorrow free,
Lord, we shall live with thee,
Blest, blest for aye!
- 3 Bright, in that happy land,
Beams every eye;
Kept by a Father's hand,
Love can not die.
Oh, then to glory run!
Be a crown and kingdom won,
And bright, above the sun,
We reign for aye.

Merdin.



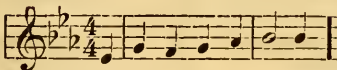
- 1 Children of the heavenly King,
As ye journey, sweetly sing;
Sing your Savior's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.

- 2 Ye are travelling nome to God,
In the way the fathers trod;
They are happy now—and ye
Soon their happiness shall see.

- 3 Shout, ye little flock, and blest;
You on Jesus' throne shall rest;
There your seat is now prepared—
There your kingdom and reward.

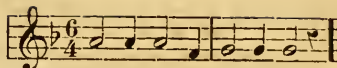
- 4 Fear not, brethren; joyful stand
On the borders of your land;
Jesus Christ, God's only Son,
Bids you undismayed go on.

Watcher.



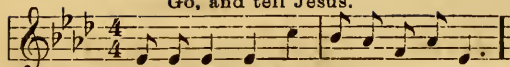
- 1 I want to be like Jesus,
So lowly and so meek;
For no one marked an angry word
That ever heard him speak.
- 2 I want to be like Jesus,
So frequently in prayer;
Alone upon the mountain-top
He met his Father there.
- 3 I want to be like Jesus;
I never, never find
That he, though persecuted, was
To any one unkind.
- 4 I want to be like Jesus,
Engaged in doing good,
So that of me it may be said,
"She hath done what she could."

Martyr.



- 1 Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high.
Hide me, O my Savior, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last.
- 2 Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, O leave me not alone;
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on thee is stayed;
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of thy wing.
- 3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is thy name;
I am all unrighteousness;
False, and full of sin I am;
Thou art full of truth and grace.
- 4 Plenteous grace with thee is found—
Grace to cover all my sins;
Let the healing streams abound;
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art;
Freely let me take of thee;
Spring thou up within my heart;
Rise to all eternity.

Go, and tell Jesus.

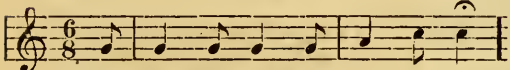


- 1 Go and tell Jesus, weary, sin-sick soul;
 He'll ease thee of thy burden, make thee whole;
 Look up to him, he only can forgive;
 Believe on him, and thou shalt surely live.

CHORUS.

- Go and tell Jesus, he only can forgive;
 Go and tell Jesus, go and tell Jesus,
 Go and tell Jesus, O turn to him and live!
 Go and tell Jesus, he only can forgive.
- 2 Go and tell Jesus, when your sins arise
 Like mountains of deep guilt before your eyes;
 His blood was spilt, his precious life he gave,
 That mercy, peace, and pardon you might have.
 Go and tell Jesus, etc.
- 3 Go and tell Jesus, he'll dispel thy fears,
 Will calm thy doubts, and wipe away thy tears;
 He'll take thee in his arm, and on his breast,
 Thou mayst be happy, and forever rest.
 Go and tell Jesus, etc.

Beulah.



- 1 My latest sun is sinking fast,
 My race is nearly run;
 My strongest trials now are past,
 My triumph is begun.

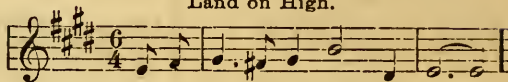
REFRAIN.

- O come, angel band, come and around me stand,
 O bear me away on your snowy wings,
 To my immortal home!
 O bear me away on your snowy wings,
 To my immortal home!
- 2 I know I'm nearing the holy ranks
 Of friends and kindred dear,
 For I brush the dew on Jordan's banks,
 The crossing must be near.

- 3 I've almost gained my heavenly home,
 My spirit loudly sings;
 The holy ones, behold, they come!
 I hear the noise of wings.

- 4 O, bear my longing heart to him
 Who bled and died for me;
 Whose blood now cleanses from all sin,
 And gives me victory.

Land on High.

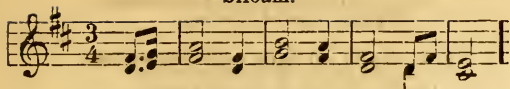


- 1 There's a beautiful land on high,
 To its glories I fain would fly. [crown,
 When by sorrows pressed down, I long for my
 In that beautiful land on high.

CHORUS.

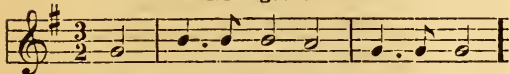
- In that beautiful land I'll be
 From earth and its cares set free;
 My Jesus is there, he's gone to prepare
 A place in that land for me.
- 2 There's a beautiful land on high,
 I shall enter it by and by; [on the strand,
 There, with friends, hand in hand, I shall walk
 In that beautiful land on high.
- 3 There's a beautiful land on high,
 Then why should I fear to die;
 When death is the way to the realms of day
 In that beautiful land on high?
- 4 There's a beautiful land on high,
 And my kindred its bliss enjoy; [me,
 Methinks I now see how they're waiting for
 In that beautiful land on high.
- 5 There's a beautiful land on high,
 And though here I oft weep and sigh,
 My Jesus hath said that no tears shall be shed
 In that beautiful land on high.
- 6 There's a beautiful land on high,
 Where we never shall say, "good-by!"
 When over the river we're happy forever,
 In that beautiful land on high.

Siloam.



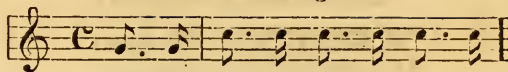
- 1 By cool Siloam's shady rill,
How fair the lily grows!
How sweet the breath, beneath the hill,
Of Sharon's dewy rose.
- 2 Lo! such the child, whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod;
Whose secret heart, by influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God.
- 3 O Thou who givest life and breath,
We seek thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
To keep us still thine own.

Arlington.



- 1 How shall the young secure their hearts,
And guard their lives from sin?
Thy Word the choicest rules impart,
To keep the conscience clean.
- 2 'T is like the sun, a heavenly light,
That guides us all the day;
And through the dangers of the night
A lamp to lead our way.
- 3 Thy Word is everlasting truth;
How pure is every page!
That holy Book will guide our youth,
And well support our age.
- 4 Thy precepts make me truly wise;
I hate the sinner's road;
I hate my own vain thoughts that rise,
But love thy law, my God.

We are rising.



- 1 We are rising, we are rising,
With the changes of our land;
In the cause of right and justice
Let us all united stand.
As we rose amid the conflict,
When the battle-storm was high,
With returning peace we're rising
Like the eagle to the sky.

CHORUS.

Marching along, we are marching along,
Rising as a people while we're marching along;
The conflict is raging 'tween the right and the wrong,
We'll trust in the Lord while we're marching along.

- 2 We are rising and progressing,
Lo! the fettered slave is free;
And the day is fast approaching,
Yes, its dawning light we see,
When the poor shall be exalted,
While the haughty ones shall fall,
And the right of equal justice
Be enjoyed alike by all.
- 3 We are rising, heavenward rising,
Let our course be onward still;
And the prospect that awaits us
Every soul with rapture thrill.
For the watchmen shall proclaim it
With a shout from Zion's towers,
How the tide of every nation
Shall be turned to blend with ours.
- 4 Hallelujah! we are rising,
For our children learn to pray;
They are coming to the Savior
In the straight and narrow way.
And the banner of salvation,
With the standard of the free,
O'er our native land is waving,
Like a watch-fire o'er the sea.

Shall we Gather at the River?

- 1 Shall we gather at the river,
Where bright angel feet have trod?
With its crystal tide forever
Flowing by the throne of God?

CHORUS.

Yes, we'll gather at the river,
The beautiful, the beautiful river,
Gather with the saints at the river,
That flows by the throne of God.

- 2 On the margin of the river,
Washing up its silver spray,
We will walk and worship ever,
All the happy, golden day.
Yes, we'll gather, etc.

- 3 Ere we reach the shining river,
Lay we every burden down;
Grace our spirit will deliver,
And provide a robe and crown.
Yes, we'll gather, etc.

- 4 Soon we'll reach the silver river,
Soon our pilgrimage will cease;
Soon our happy hearts will quiver,
With the melody of peace.
Yes, we'll gather, etc.

Shining Shore.

- 1 My days are gliding swiftly by,
And I, a pilgrim stranger,
Would not detain them as they fly,
These hours of toll and danger.

CHORUS.

For now we stand on Jordan's strand,
Our friends are passing over;

And just before, the shining shore
We may almost discover.

- 2 We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear,
Our heavenly home discerning;
Our absent Lord has left us word,
Let every lamp be burning.
For now we stand, etc.

- 3 Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow,
Each cord on earth to sever,
Our king says come, and there's our home,
Forever, O forever!
For now we stand, etc.

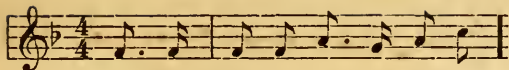
Webb.

- 1 The morning light is breaking,
The darkness disappears;
The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears.
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar,
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.

- 2 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners now confessing,
The Gospel call obey,
And seek the Savior's blessing—
A nation in a day.

- 3 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thy onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay;
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home;
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim, "The Lord is come!"

Your Mission.

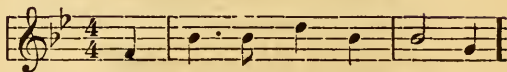


(For other Music, see page 71.)

- 1 If you can not on the ocean
Sail among the swiftest fleet,
Rocking on the highest billows,
Laughing at the storms you meet,
You can stand among the sailors,
Anchored yet within the bay;
You can lend a hand to help them,
As they launch their boat away.
- 2 If you are too weak to journey
Up the mountain, steep and high,
You can stand within the valley,
While the multitudes go by;
You can chant in happy measure,
As they slowly pass along;
Though they may forget the singer,
They will not forget the song.
- 3 If you have not gold and silver
Ever ready to command;
If you can not t'ward the needy
Reach an ever open hand;
You can visit the afflicted,
O'er the erring you can weep;
You can be a true disciple
Sitting at the Savior's feet.
- 4 If you can not in the harvest
Garner up the richest sheaves,
Many a grain both ripe and golden
Will the careless reapers leave;
Go and glean among the briers,
Growing rank against the wall,
For it may be that their shadow
Hides the heaviest wheat of all.

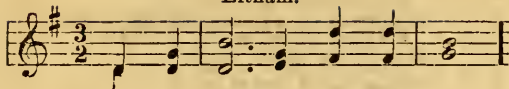
- 5 Do not, then, stand idly waiting,
For some greater work to do;
O, improve the passing moments,
For these moments may be few;
Go and toil in any vineyard,
Do not fear to do or dare;
If you want a field of labor,
You can find it anywhere.

Webb.



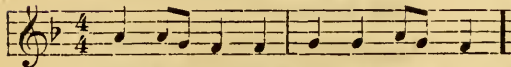
- 1 To thee, O blessed Savior,
Our grateful songs we raise;
O tune our hearts and voices,
Thy holy name to praise.
'T is by thy sovereign mercy
We're here allowed to meet,
To join with friends and teachers,
Thy blessing to entreat.
- 2 Lord, guide and bless our teachers,
Who labor for our good;
And may the Holy Scriptures
By us be understood;
O may our hearts be given
To thee, our glorious King;
That we may meet in heaven,
Thy praises there to sing.
- 3 And may the precious Gospel
Be published all abroad,
Till poor, benighted heathen
Shall know and serve the Lord;
Till o'er the wide creation
The rays of truth shall shine,
And nations now in darkness
Arise to light divine.

Eltham.



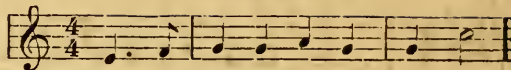
- 1 Hasten, Lord, the glorious time,
When beneath Messiah's sway,
Every nation, every clime,
Shall the Gospel call obey!
Mightiest kings his power shall own,
Heathen tribes his name adore;
Satan and his hosts o'erthrown,
Bound in chains, shall hurt no more.
- 2 Then shall wars and tumults cease,
Then be banished grief and pain;
Righteousness and joy and peace,
Undisturbed, shall ever reign.
Bless we, then, our gracious Lord,
Ever praise his glorious name;
All his mighty acts record,
All his wondrous love proclaim.

Greenville.



- 1 Heavenly Father, grant thy blessing,
While once more thy praise we sing:
Sinful hearts and lives confessing,
Nothing worthy can we bring;
Yet thy book of love hath taught us,
Thou wilt kindly bow thine ear;
For the sake of Him who bought us,
We may call and thou wilt hear.
- 2 What a boon to us is given,
Thus to lift our voice on high!
Well assured the ear of Heaven
Hears our wants, and will supply.
Weak and sinful—oh, how often
Must we look to God alone,
For his grace our hearts to soften,
And sustain us as his own!

Weary.



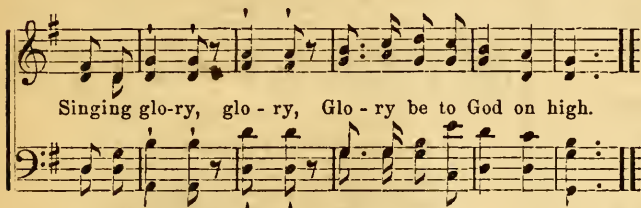
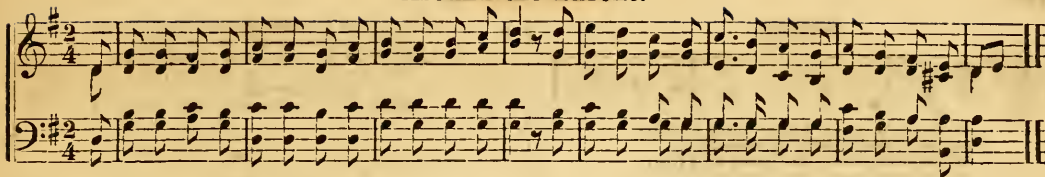
- 1 In the Christian's home in glory,
There remains a land of rest;
There the Savior's gone before me,
To fulfill my soul's request.

CHORUS.

- There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for you.
On the other side of Jordan,
In the sweet fields of Eden,
Where the tree of life is blooming,
There is rest for you.
- 2 He is fitting up my mansion,
Which eternally shall stand,
For my stay shall not be transient
In that holy, happy land.
- 3 Pain nor sickness ne'er shall enter,
Grief nor woe my lot shall share;
But in that celestial center,
I a crown of life shall wear.
- 4 Death itself shall then be vanquished,
And his sting shall be withdrawn;
Shout for gladness, O, ye ransomed,
Hail with joy the rising morn.
- 5 Sing, O, sing, ye heirs of glory;
Shout your triumph as you go;
Zion's gate will open for you,
You shall find an entrance through.

Around the Throne.

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Singing glo-ry, glo - ry, Glo - ry be to God on high.

1 Around the throne of God in heaven,
Thousands of children stand;
Children whose sins are all forgiven,
A holy, happy band.
Singing glory, etc.

2 In flowing robes of spotless white,
See every one arrayed;
Dwelling in everlasting light,
And joys that never fade.
Singing glory, etc.

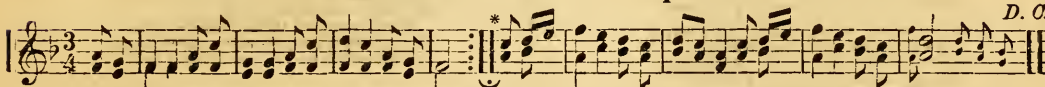
3 What brought them to that world above?
That heaven so bright and fair,
Where all is peace and joy and love—
How came those children there?

Bathed in that pure and precious blood,
Behold them white and clean!

4 Because the Savior shed his blood,
To wash away their sin;

5 On earth they sought the Savior's grace,
On earth they loved his name;
So now they see his blessed face,
And stand before the Lamb.

Hitherto hath the Lord helped us.



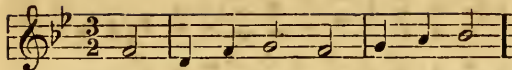
1 Come thou fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount—I'm fixed upon it;
Mount of thy redeeming love.

2 Here I'll raise mine Ebenezer;
Hither by thy help I'm come;
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wand'ring from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.

*CHORUS, AD LIBITUM, TO
EACH STANZA.

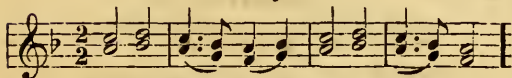
I love Jesus, Hallelujah,
I love Jesus, Yes, I do, I do, I
Do love Jesus, He's my Savior;
Jesus smiles and loves me too.

Hebron.



- 1 Assembled in our school once more,
O Lord, thy blessing we implore;
We meet to read, and sing, and pray,
Be with us then through this thy day.
- 2 Our fervent prayer to thee ascends
For parents, teachers, foes and friends;
And when we in thy house appear,
Help us to worship in thy fear.
- 3 When we on earth shall meet no more,
May we above to glory soar;
And praise thee in more lofty strains,
Where one eternal Sabbath reigns.

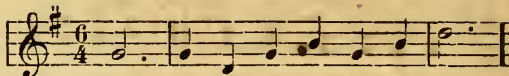
Sicily.



- 1 Now is past the time of teaching,
Ended is the hour we love;
Hushed the voice of friends, beseeching
Us too seek for joys above:
Precious Sabbaths!
Swiftly, oh! they swiftly move.
- 2 Wake, then, every tender feeling,
Ere from school we go away;
Savior, come, thy grace revealing,
In our hearts assert thy sway:
Bless us, parting,
On this sacred Sabbath-day.
- 3 Soon our Sabbaths will be ended,
All our Sabbath-schools be past;
Like the leaf, to earth descended,
Withered in the autumn blast:
Life is passing;
we must see the grave at last.

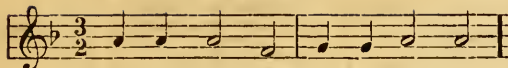
- 4 Then may heaven be beaming o'er us,
With its sunny glories bright;
And with millions, saved before us,
May we join, in worlds of light:
Praising Jesus,
Where the Sabbath knows no night.

De Fleury.



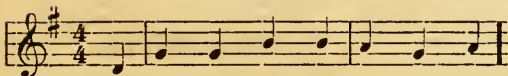
- 1 How sweet is the Sabbath to me,
The day when the Savior arose!
'T is heaven his beauties to see,
And in his soft arms to repose.
He knows I am weak and defiled,
My life is but empty and vain;
But if he will make me his child,
I'll never forsake him again.
- 2 This day he invites me to come:
How kindly he bids me draw near
He offers me heaven for home,
And wipes off the penitent tear.
He offers to pardon my sin,
And keep me from every snare,
To sprinkle and cleanse me within,
And show me his tenderest care.
- 3 I can not, I must not refuse;
His goodness has conquered my heart;
The Lord for my portion I choose,
And bid all of my folly depart.
How sweet is the Sabbath to me,
The day my Redeemer arose!
'T is heaven his beauties to see,
And in his soft arms to repose.

Talmar.



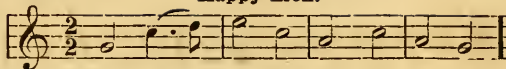
- 1 Savior, breathe an evening blessing,
Ere repose our spirits seal;
Sin and want we come confessing;
Thou canst save and thou canst heal.
- 2 Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrows past us fly,
Angel guards from thee surround us:
We are safe, if thou art nigh.
- 3 Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness can not hide from thee;
Thou art he who, never weary,
Watches where thy people be.
- 4 Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
And command us to the tomb,
May the morn in heaven awake us,
Clad in bright, eternal bloom.

Coronation.



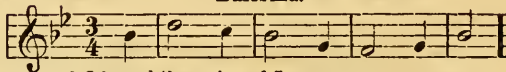
- 1 O for a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise;
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace.
- 2 My gracious Master, and my God,
Assist me to proclaim—
To spread, through all the earth abroad
The honors of thy Name.
- 3 Jesus—the Name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'T is music in the sinner's ears,
'T is life, and health, and peace.

Happy Zion.



- 1 Zion stands with hills surrounded,
Zion kept by power divine:
All her foes shall be confounded,
Though the world in arms combine:
Happy Zion—
What a favored lot is thine!
Every human tie may perish;
Friend to friend unfaithful prove,
- 2 Mothers cease their own to cherish;
Heaven and earth at last remove:
But no changes
Can attend Jehovah's love.
- 3 In the furnace God may prove thee,
Thence to bring thee forth more bright,
But can never cease to love thee;
Thou art precious in his sight:
God is with thee—
God, thine everlasting light.

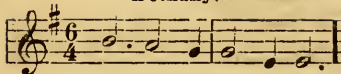
Bakerma.



- 1 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Behold, I freely give
The living water! thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink, and live."
- 2 I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream:
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived
And now I live in him.
- 3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"I am this dark world's light:
Look unto me; thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright."
- 4 I looked to Jesus, and I found
In him my Star, my Son:
And in that light of life I'll walk
Till all my journey's done

Fresh Leaves.

Bethany.



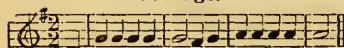
1 Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me,
Still all my song shall be,
1 : Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

2 Though like a wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness comes over me,
My rest a stone,
Yet in my dreams I'd be,
Nearer, etc.

3 There let my way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that thou sendest me,
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, etc.

4 Or, if on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, etc.

Courage.



1 | : Oh, do not be discouraged,
For Jesus is your friend! : ||
He will give you grace to conquer,
He will give you grace to conquer,
And keep you in the end.

CHORUS.

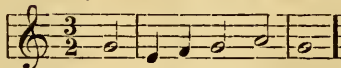
I am glad I'm in this army,
Yes, I'm glad I'm in this army,

Yes, I'm glad I'm in this army,
And I'll battle for the school.

2 | : Fight on, ye little soldiers,
The battle you shall win; : ||
For the Savior is your Captain,
For the Savior is your Captain,
And he has vanquished sin.

3 | : And when the conflict's over,
Before him you shall stand; : ||
You shall sing his praise forever,
You shall sing his praise forever,
In Canaan's happy land.

Boylston. S. M.

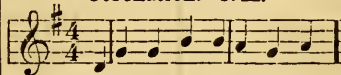


1 Sow in the morn thy seed;
At eve hold not thy hand;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed,
Broadcast it o'er the land.

2 Thou know'st not which shall
The late or early sown; [thrive,
Grace keeps the precious germ alive,
When and wherever strewn.

3 Thou canst not toll in vain;
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain
For garners in the sky.

Coronation. C. M.



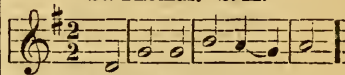
1 All hail the power of Jesus' name,
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

2 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransomed from the fall,
Hail him who saves you by his
grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

3 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

4 Oh that with yonder sacred throng,
We at his feet may fall;
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

St. Thomas. S. M.



1 I love thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of thine abode— [saved
The Church our blest Redeemer
With his own precious blood.

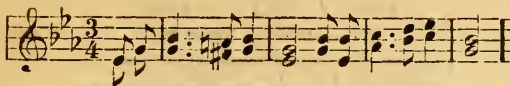
2 I love thy Church, O God!
Her walls before thee stand,
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thy hand.

3 For her my tears shall fall;
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

4 Beyond my highest joys,
I prize her heavenly ways:
Her sweet communion, solemn
vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

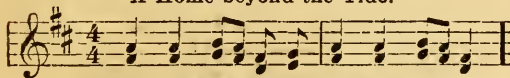
5 Sure as thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given [yield,
The brightest glories earth can
And brighter bliss of heaven.

Home of the Soul.



- 1 I will sing you a song of that beautiful land,
The far away home of the soul,
Where no storms ever beat on the glittering strand,
While the years of eternity roll.
- 2 O that home of the soul in my visions and dreams,
Its bright jasper walls I can see,
Till I fancy but thinly the vale intervenes,
Between the fair city and me.
- 3 There the great trees of life in their beauty do grow,
And the river of life floweth by,
For no death ever enters that city, you know,
And nothing that maketh a lie.
- 4 That unchangeable home is for you and for me,
Where Jesus of Nazareth stands;
The King of all kingdoms forever is he,
And he holdeth our crowns in his hands.
- 5 O how sweet it will be in that beautiful land,
So free from all sorrow and pain!
With songs on our lips, and with harps in our hands,
To meet one another again.

A Home beyond the Tide.



- 1 We are out on the ocean sailing,
Homeward bound we sweetly glide;
We are out on the ocean sailing
To a home beyond the tide.

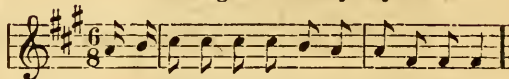
CHORUS.

All the storms will soon be over,
Then we'll anchor in the harbor;
We are out on the ocean sailing,
To a home beyond the tide;
We are out on the ocean sailing,
To a home beyond the tide.

2 Millions now are safely landed.
Over on the golden shore,
Millions more are on the journey,
Yet there's room for millions more.
All the storms, etc.

3 When we all are safely anchored,
We will shout—our trials o'er;
We will walk about the city,
And we'll sing for evermore.
All the storms, etc.

Something to do every day.

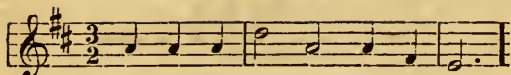


- 1 "There 'll be something in heaven for children to do,
None are idle in that blessed land;"
But there's something on earth here for each one to
do,
"And employment for each little hand."

CHORUS.

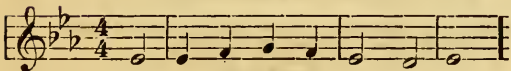
- There is something to do, there is something to do,
There is something for children to do;
Tho' ever so young, yet with heart, hand and tongue,
There is something for children to do.
- 2 There are parents to honor, respect, and to love,
And all their commands to obey;
For this is the will of "Our Father" above,
And is to be done every day.
 - 3 There are many, so *many*, kind words to be said,
So *many* good deeds to be done,
To "stand up" for Jesus, the Truth, and the Right,
And every thing evil to shun.
 - 4 Let us all, as we journey along here below,
Do the good that may be in our way:
Be preparing for heaven as nearer we come,
Finding some good to do every day.

Rest.



- 1 Asleep in Jesus! blessed sleep!
From which none ever wakes to weep;
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes.
- 2 Asleep in Jesus! O how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet!
With holy confidence to sing
That death hath lost its venom'd sting.
- 3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest!
Whose waking is supremely blest;
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour,
Which manifests the Savior's power.
- 4 Asleep in Jesus, O, for me
May such a blissful refuge be!
Securely shall my ashes lie,
And wait the summons from on high.

Uxbridge.



- 1 Once more assembled on thy day,
O Father, hear us when we pray;
And teach us thankfully to own
The love that draws us near thy throne.
- 2 Lord, let thy grace our souls inspire
With brightest rays of heavenly fire,
And let our songs of praise arise
In grateful incense to the skies.

Onward, Band Victorious

(Tune, Harwell. Key of G.)

- 1 Onward! onward! band victorious,
Bear the Temp'rance banner high!
Thus far has your course been glorious,
Now your day of triumph 's nigh.
Vice and error flee before you,
As the darkness flies the sun;
Onward, victory hovers o'er you,
Soon the battle will be won.
- 2 To the vender and distiller,
Thunder truth with startling tone!
Swell the accents louder, shriller,
Make their gullt enormous known.
Onward! onward! never falter,
Cease not till the earth is free,
Swear on Temp'rance' holy altar,
Death is yours or victory.
- 3 Onward! onward! songs and praises
Ring to heaven's topmost arch,
Wheresoe'er your standard raises,
And your conquering legions march;
Gird the Temp'rance armor on you,
Look for guidance from above,
God and angels smile upon you;
Hasten then your work of love.

The Temperance Standard.

(Music on page 42.)

- 1 Round the Temperance standard rally,
All the friends of human kind,
Snatch the devotees of folly,
Wretched, perishing and blind;
Loudly tell them
How they comfort now may find.
- 2 Plant the Temp'rance standard firmly
Round it live and round it die,
Young and old, defend it sternly,
Till we gain the victory,
And all nations
Hail the happy jubilee

Over There.

T. C. O'Kane.

125

1. O, think of a home o - ver there, By the side of the riv-er of light,
 2. O, think of the friends over there, Who before us the journey have trod, Where the saints all immortal and
 Of the songs that they breathe on the

Refrain. O-ver there,

fair, Are robed in their garments of white. O-ver there, o-ver there, O, think of a home o - ver
 air, In their home in the palace of God. O-ver there, O-ver there, o-ver there, O, think of the friends over
 Over there,

there, O - ver there, O - ver there, o - ver there, O, think of a home o - ver there.
 there, O - ver there, O - ver there, o - ver there, O, think of the friends o-ver there.
 O - ver there,

3 My Savior is now over there,
 There my kindred and friends are at rest;
 Then away from my sorrow and care,
 Let me fly to the land of the blest.
 Over there, over there,
 My Savior is now over there.

4 I'll soon be at home over there,
 For the end of my journey I see;
 Many dear to my heart, over there,
 Are watching and waiting for me.
 Over there, over there,
 I'll soon be at home over there.

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